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[VOL. XIII.

AMONG THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS.*

I.



THE moun-
tains, those
pillars and founda-
tions of the
earth, are every-
where beautiful,
whether their pre-
dominating char-
acter be that of
wild grandeur or
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the Bavarian mountains. The boldness and terrible ruggedness of the rocky piles themselves, the strangely eccentric manner of their arrangement, together with their height and the majesty of their appearance under different seasons and different hours of the sun, make a journey among them a season of pure awe and pure delight.

It is in a journey in the presence of such tremendous natural effects that one learns to turn a loving eye and heart upon the gentler aspects of the earth that always lie close by, and to find in the small, grassy slopes, the herder's gardens, the peaceful lakes that catch the mountain-streams, and in the sweet, shadowy copses of wood in the valleys, those kindlier emotions that equalize the greater ones that are generated by the grander scenes above and far away in the clouds.

In another and very great respect do these wild regions of the Old World differ from the wild mountain-regions of our own continent. There are sown among them, at almost every point of use and advantage, a few sparse grains of human seed, and these, in many cases, have so fructified that towns and hamlets have sprung into existence, and so warm the pictures that would otherwise be desolate to the eyes of poor man, who so loves his kindred. Castles and monasteries crown the hills, ancient roads lead down through the devious passes, and sturdy bridges of stone span the brooks, and have done so for so long that they have come to be as

* The Bavarian Highlands and the Salzkammergut. By Herman Schmid and Karl Stieler. London: Chapman and Hall.

enduring in the eyes of the dwellers round about as the very mountain-peaks themselves.

Here and there, and at great intervals, among these Highlands lines of travel have been made, and through them flows, during each summer season, a throng of pleasure-seekers who, by long attrition, have denuded the country-folk of the fresh bloom of their rusticity, and have varnished their customs and quaint attitudes into something very model-like and stagey.

But, apart from these regular routes, there are yet boundless regions where all the primitive habits and manners still exist, and it will be the ambitious attempt of these few pages to present a few hints of this unknown life to the reader.

From Sachenbach, on the Walchensee, the road leads into the Jachenau. It is a long, woody valley, populated with a pure aboriginal type of inhabitants. It is one of those places where the most ancient of mountain-customs still hold their sway; where all the strange christening, holiday, wedding, and funeral rites still preserve that true poetic feeling that grows up out of the most simple notions of the fitness of things. Processions still walk, coats are still green and yellow, hats are still tall, and are still decorated with bands and feathers. The houses are adorned with pious verses, and with balconies that, besides being richly colored and darkened with storms, are decorated with flowers and with clambering vines that make splendid screens against the too ardent sun or too ardent lovers.

The people, being shut out from the world, live, and love, and marry together, and, while they have become practically one great family, they have kept their health and joyousness. They are simple, but are not coarse; they know how to read and write, and they know the world without having seen it. The men used to be great marksmen, and to shoot well was the ambition of every stripling. But the police of the government frowned upon the rifles, and so there was bred a race of poachers.

Thus there was made to flow beneath the surface of charming simplicity a dreadful current of crime and fear of vengeance. In nearly every mountain-house there is a lurking knowledge of an ill deed done, and a shuddering expectation of the knock of the bailiff's knuckles upon the door. The traveler, however, sees naught of all this; with his bundle and his staff he goes on, drinking tankards of beer, gazing rapturously upon grand castles, upon the peaks, upon the grave old church-ruins, and upon the picturesque dress of the people, and he is content.

Upon the shores of the Tegernsee, more than a thousand years ago, the disciples of Saint Benedict erected a house. It was the home, in hard, rough days, of music and art. These two tender plants, sheltered by the religious roof, were enabled to flourish and to settle their roots well. The most famous name of the convent is Weimher, and in it originated the charming "Marienlied," whose lines carry us almost into the circles of the minnesingers:

"... Thou art mine; I am thine.
Thou art locked in this heart of mine,
Whereof is lost the little key,
So there forever must thou be."

The monks would have the world understand that the verses refer to the Holy Virgin, but pardon us if we believe that they sound like the profane utterances of some poor novice, whose heart took a leap backward in a weak moment, and sang of a pretty yellow-haired girl of another day.

Two villages, Abwinkel and Wieser, lie on the bank. They possess the oldest houses in the district, and they are hidden in a dense wreath of cherry-trees. Their roofs project far into the street, and form that long picturesque thoroughfare that is so characteristic of mountain architecture. Here is the home of the village idyl, where the old man sits in the door and plays with his roguish grandson; here peeps the foal in at the window, and beneath the gable-end hangs the target, with countless shots in its black disk. The daughters of the house are on the common land in the dark pine-forest; the sons are in the mountain cutting wood, and a deep calm prevails.

In these mountain-regions, how one is impressed with all that pertains to religion! How sweet seems the love of Christ; how abiding seems the faith of these people, for whom we dare to feel a little lingering pity in their isolation!

As we come to a turn in the rough road, and behold before us a group of houses with huge stones on their brown roofs, and with every appearance of age about them, how certainly do our hearts swell as we recognize the tall spire of the little church that is surely there, or as we hear its strange bell casting up its sounds to the echoing crags above, whence they fall again in softened echoes! It inspires a rare sentiment, and we pause to count the tombstones, and to mark the signs of decay in the simple monuments, and to moralize as we have never been able to moralize in the towns or in the hamlets on the plains. All the ceremonies that are absurd, all the glad marriage-festivals, and all the funerals, seem to us here to be more significant than elsewhere. If a religious procession celebrating some saint's day comes down through some hidden path in the grain with its flowing banners tossing wildly in the sky, its strange effigy borne aloft upon the shoulders of the priests, how very pregnant seem all its symbols, how true seem all its purposes, how consoled seem all the participants!

Birth, love, and death, and all the accidents and incidents that mark epochs in the life of man, seem to the stranger to mean in these half-hidden spots more by far than they do elsewhere, and he truly mourns that he does not possess the abiding trust of the rustic.

Here, from the volume before us, is a description of a church-festival, the anniversary of the patron of the little church:

"On this day is the Consecration Feast, and the guests assemble from far and near. In the morning mass is read in the chapel, the only one in the whole year. Gayly adorned, the little procession winds up the narrow

steps, a red flag flutters among them, and every one wears his holiday attire. Of course, but a few enter the low portal which is hung with garlands, the rest remain grouped in the open air, and listen to the tones of the 'Agnus Dei,' or the words of the sermon. When the Host arrives, the people fall on their knees. These are calmly joyful moments; the brook rolls itself more gently, the bees themselves cease their murmurs.

"Thus ends the spiritual portion of the affair. But after mass come the pleasures of the world with joyful voice and the insolent strength of youth. The musicians lead the little procession, which descends from the little church; the lads pull their hats waggishly on one side, and the lasses come down with a lighter step than they went up. All sorts of things are going on below, for the entrance of the house has become a bar; great casks stand ready, and are broken open with the hammer; forms of lofty stature, carrying their jackets upon their shoulders, watch the operations with satisfaction; and, in reality, there is no time to be lost for the first draught; the dance may commence at any minute; for the latter a flooring of planks has been laid down. Only a slight tap on the shoulder, and the fair maid follows her lad into the tumult with joyful mien. Between approving glances and aggressive hob-nail shoes she steers skillfully; but, when a daring youth snatches at the scarlet flowers she wears in her bodice, she quickly casts down her eyes, and vanishes before he is aware of it.

"Handsome lads and lasses than those of the Kaiserklause cannot be found together. From all the pastures the cow-girls descend, if they are young and pretty; the lads also who cut wood all the summer in the forests come at St. Bartholomew to the Kaiserklause. In long rows they occupy the improvised benches; each one has his maiden on his lap, his plume in his hat, his song of defiance on his lips. If a good friend arrives he will engage her for one dance or another, but he makes savage, jealous eyes at most, that his predilection for one may be more apparent.

"As the borders are not far distant, many Tyrolese, with fair forelock and dark, broad hat, attend the consecration. They dance slower and more heavily than the Bavarian Highlanders, and bring almost always their treasures (of a sweetheart) 'from the empire,' which is better provided with such treasures than with those of another description.

"As consecration comes but once a year, dancing is kept up pretty late; when the stars begin to pale then return home is first mentioned; most of the girls ascend the same night to the pastures from which they came, and the wood-cutters go straight away from the feast to their work at four o'clock in the morning."

But after St. Bartholomew is over, and all is again quiet in the hamlet, the season rapidly declines, the leaves fall, there is an icy frost by night, and with November comes the first of the great snows.

In this region the snow is, like the ice, an impassable barrier; it divides the quiet Klause from the rest of the world. For a short time only does the sun send its greeting into the deep, solitary prison from which no one can escape, and which no one can reach; and only when it ceases snowing can one think of cutting a way upon which the wood can be transported to Schliersee or Tegernsee. If the winter is severe, the famished game approach from all sides the feeding-places erected in the depths of the forest, though

these often prove unapproachable; only in the early hour of the morning when it is frozen hard can the snow be traversed on snow-shoes. During the day the whole country is impassable. The winter here lasts seven months, and perchance not a single human being has entered the great Klausen during this time. How strange must Christmas-night appear in this state of isolation! How noisily heaves life in great towns on this evening, and here naught but snow, benumbed pine-trees, and the sparkling stars of a winter night!

Between Schliersee and Kaiserklause runs a narrow mountain-pass called the Spitzing. It is lonely and deserted; the road that one travels upon is four thousand feet high, and one looks down into the depths with fear, and yet the roses bloom in sweet luxuriance close by.

In the midst of this secluded world there lies a dark and melancholy lake, full of deep shadows, and unruffled by any heavenly breeze. Upon the borders of this there lived two old people, who, though unmarried on account of the obstacles placed in the way by the state, lived together in peace and contentment. They found roots, and from these they brewed a fierce brandy, that mountaineers and wayfarers used to seek with avidity. These speculators, after their death, were succeeded by two young women, who also collected roots. They come yearly from the Zillerthal on the first of May, though it is true that spring has not yet arrived, for, while the cowslips bloom in the valley, the lake is covered with ice a foot thick. Thus we experience one of the most remarkable contrasts, if we ascend in May from Schliersee to the Spitzingsee. Below us is the warm valley; the trees are already green, and the air

has that mild tone without which we cannot imagine spring. And then the heights! Here the gray and naked rocks stare us in the face; here lies the smooth snow-field and the icy surface of the lake. No bird sings, no hut is opening here. In the early morning only, when it is frozen hard, dare one travel on snow-shoes; the snow lies the depth of two men beneath the traveler. Over the summits of the trees, over the roofs of the huts which border on the way, he glides along. He who sinks is lost.

In the little church of Fischhausen, which lies at the end of the Schliersee, a feast is celebrated in the autumn which calls to mind times passed by. It is dedicated to Saint Leonhart, who is the patron saint of cattle, and therefore a great authority in the mountains. His portrait hangs in front of each stable-door, and displays the saint with uplifted crozier; at his feet, a ewe; to the right, a foal; and to the left, a sick ox. For these as patients, Saint Leonhart is summoned as physician in ordinary, but, as nowadays all are specialists, his assistance is not so much required. He has multiplied by himself, and is adored in many localities with a different object; here he is especially formed for horses, there for cows, and in other places (as child-doctor) for calves.

The Leonhartsfahrt, however, forms his day of honor, and it is in Fischhausen, more than elsewhere, that it is beautifully performed. It takes place on a Sunday, late in the autumn, when all visitors have long quitted the mountains, and the solitary sun shines alone on the fields.

Deeper than before is the blue of the Wandelstein on these days; he is the king among the mountains, and like a golden

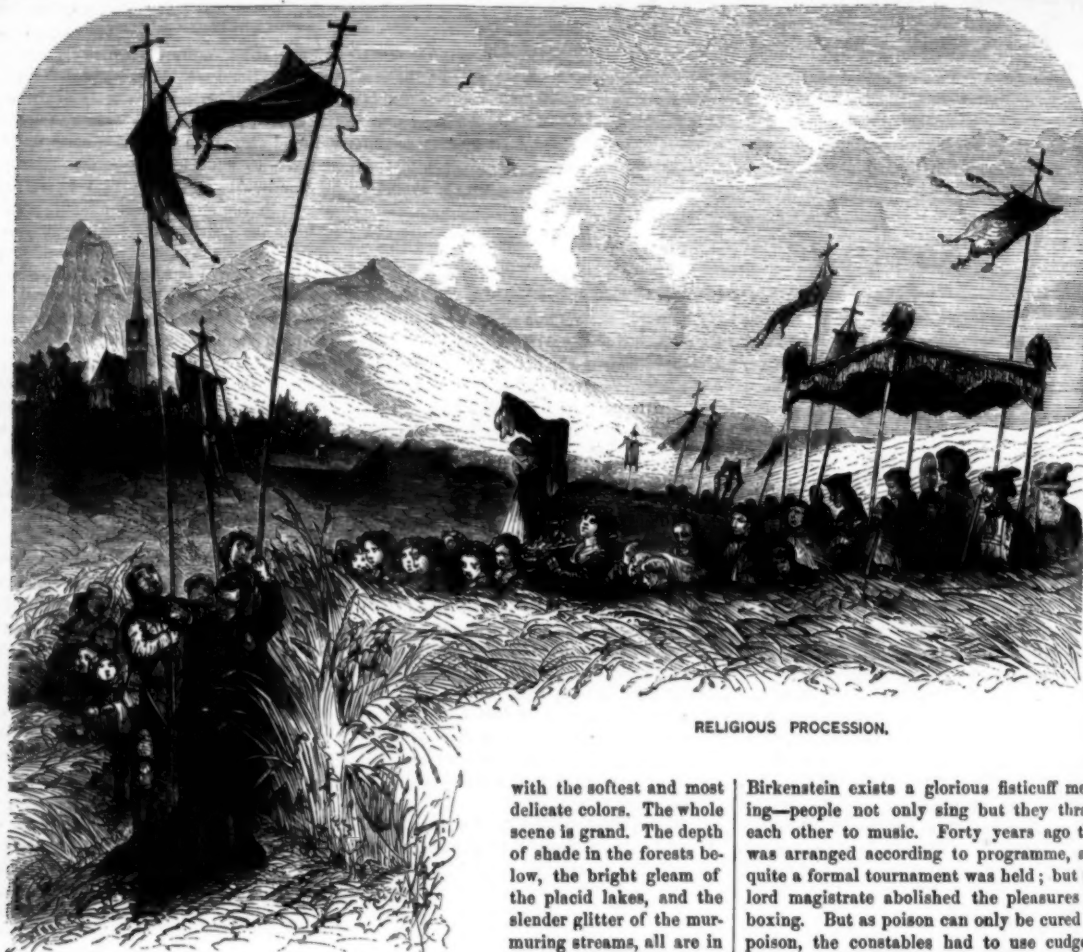
crown shines the many-tinted wood. The atmosphere is then brilliant and transparently clear, the meadows are mown short, and only the timid gentian discloses its latest buds. Then it becomes suddenly lively before the church on the Schliersee. Fine wagons, crowned with plaits of pine-branches, and harnessed with powerful horses, approach from all sides. Above their collars waves a red cloth. In the wagon itself sits the master, with his mate, in Sunday attire. Those who cannot produce a four-in-hand come with a pair, or a simple one-horse vehicle, wherein there is room enough for both man and wife. The servant drives neighing horses; others approach mounted, and amicably call upon their stallion not to obstruct the ancient rite. The cattle, also, returned from the pastures, are in many parts brought to the Leonharts-fahrt, and the shepherdess, in trim bodice, who drives them, wears an extra bunch of flowers to-day on her pointed hat.

Before the procession marches, there is held a solemn mass. The clear voices of the children and the full tones of the organ swell from the little church, while the crowd stands before the open door in quiet devotion. The blue and cloudless Brecherspitze looks down; the blue surface of the lake lies yonder, clear as a mirror, and glistens through the branches of the primeval lime which overshadows the church.

After divine service, the course commences: each wagon drives around three times at a rapid trot; vehicles and postillions are mixed up pell-mell; the arches of leaves which are erected over each carriage, and which enframe the passengers, shake with the commotion; the variegated pennants which adorn the two sides of the wagon flut-



PROCESSION OF MARKSMEN.



RELIGIOUS PROCESSION.

ter in the breeze, and many a passing word, many a greeting, flies among the motley throng.

The stalls, also, which are to-day erected under the lime-trees, filled with all sorts of pretty trifles, have plenty of visitors, and the fair peasants purchase here their silken neckerchiefs, and also take sugar-drops for the *filius naturalis*. At last the strange crowd disperses. There is a dance in the "Neuhaus." Every festival ends with a frolic. Old and young are collected, and none but the most feeble rest. They go and sit with folded hands near the sunny wall. Their grandchildren are in the dance. They listen. The melodies are the same that they themselves danced to forty and fifty years before. Most of those that then were gay are dead, only the hills and the valleys and the customs remain, and they gaze and weep inward tears, while upon their withered faces there rest smiles that belie themselves, and are not happy, but only sad and mournful.

It is one of the purest of pleasures, we must say once more, to stroll—simply stroll, not travel and hasten—through these Bavarian passes and gorges. Overhead, the heights are awful. They rise flat and sheer six and seven and eight thousand feet, banded

all this tenderness and beauty upon its breast just as the thunder-clouds catch the first burst of sunlight all the more splendidly for the very terror of their shapes.

If one can, he walks along these mountain-roads at a little after sunset, or a little after dusk. Not many people are met; there comes, at most, a party of pilgrims from Birkenstein; or, perhaps, a peasant, with a bare breast, and with a scythe on his shoulders; or, possibly, a huntsman's lad, who takes off his hat reverentially to the red cross by the road-side. The clear, low notes of the Alpine bell rise on the air, and those that sit at the door of the huts as we pass by sing those tender lays that celebrate all Nature and all love.

The taste for music lies deep in the blood of the people; the greater part of those pastoral songs which one hears in the mouth of the people are native in Fischbachau. The Fischbacher meadows are praised, now the hills, now the maidens. How charming are those lines which bewail the waters of the Leizach because they depart black from this glorious valley; how gay are those which the poacher sings on the mountains!

But extremes come together. Quite close to the place which adorns the little church of

Birkenstein exists a glorious fisticuff meeting—people not only sing but they thrash each other to music. Forty years ago this was arranged according to programme, and quite a formal tournament was held; but my lord magistrate abolished the pleasures of boxing. But as poison can only be cured by poison, the constables had to use cudgels, and as the peasants were nothing loath, the fighting still goes on quite merrily, and the scuffling is famous.

Thus we find in the valley of the Leizach all which lends a charm to existence, if we do not look too closely to it: on the mountains, lovely scenery; in the valley, lovely maidens; on week-days, a green and elevated field which is well worth cultivating; and on Sundays, skittles, guitar, and a row. What wonder, then, that each native is attached to his home by a thousand ties? And in fact no other mountain-race loves in an equal measure the glebe where it was born.

After one leaves the valley of the Leizach and goes toward the north, he finds that the country becomes smooth and pleasing. In the valley of the Mangfall dwelt one of the oldest races in Bavaria. The Counts of the Valley, those tremendous heroes, and, we dare say, those tremendous robbers, are traced in the earliest history of Wittelsbach, and the line ran out in 1238. Few signs remain of the lords that once ruled; the ruins of their castles are given up to the purposes and requirements of the day. They form the centres of great agricultural estates, and have nothing more to do than to pay a good rental; the heavy harvest-wagons roll through the yards, bailiffs live upon the lower floors, and the vats in the brew-houses sim-

mer audibly when the winter beer is brewing for the landlord of the neighborhood. All grandeur has disappeared. The peasant is now lord of the place, and he snaps his fingers and laughs when the reverent ask for tales and legends of the old owners and masters.

What incalculable riches are added to one's stock of emotions and sentiments as he beholds on every hand in this storied land traces of by-gone power and elegance! Each turn in the road, each sweep of the skiff's oar, every glance above and below, has the chance of bringing into view some relic of past centuries and past people. Castles, towers, convents, some in ruins, some in profaning hands, and some just marked by a few hewed stones and a significant forest of weeds, line the way, and fill the careless rambler with food for fine reflection. For instance, in the beautiful lake, the Chiemeesee, there are two islands. On the larger there once stood a monastery, which was the seat of a bishop. On the other there was a nunnery, which was a spiritual refuge for princesses and other noble ladies. All is long since vanished and changed. Of the monastery only a few ruins in the rococo style remain. The church is transformed into a brewery. The convent, on the contrary, has been more fortunate. It has preserved its ancient, strikingly solemn church, with its gloomy vaults and naves, and its peculiar porch. In the convent proper (restored by Louis I.) nuns again reside. They keep an educational establishment, not now for noble ladies, but for the daughters of the wealthy citizens, farmers, and officials. The island, which looks, upon approaching it, like a castle built in the water, offers delights which are incomparable for quiet minds; those who possess an eye and a heart for a pleasant and dreamy existence, who make themselves at home in the picturesque and simple fishermen's houses, and learn to know the yet simpler, frugal, and contented life of their inhabitants, may discover the realization of any idyl difficult to find elsewhere. An evening under the great lime-tree of the inn, viewing a fine sunset or a moonlight night, is a time to be kept in memory forever.

Here is a legend: "There was a monk that in those dim old days was a very Leander. He swam nightly backward and forward from his convent to his beloved in the convent over the water, until a jealous associate discovered these nocturnal journeys, and extinguished the light in the cell of this bold swimmer, which served him as a guiding-star, so that, returning, he sank to the cold, deep bottom, and cooled and extinguished his warm heart forever."

Well will the traveler remember the Künigssee. It is a dark-green, placid flood, and in places black and unfathomable, shut in by deep precipices, which reach the height of five thousand feet, and, sloping abruptly into the water, offer nowhere a hand's breadth of firm ground on which one could land and escape the raging flood if thrown there by the storm which, confined in the rocky vale, rages with redoubled fury.

A wonderful solitude reigns here, such a

deep quiet that a stroke of the oar will awake an echo; a soft and magical tinkling often descends from the heights; it is the bell of the cattle feeding on the pastures above. Much more striking is the effect of a shot discharged in a spot where the rocks descend abruptly on both sides—the sound roars as if the mountains were about to collapse—they cast it like an elastic ball from one to another till the uninterrupted thunder rolls for seconds. One might imagine the voice of the Mountain Genius, as if, startled from his slumber, he roared aloud, and then slowly stretched himself down again, murmuring.

It is fine to have the boatman with his legends and his pistol, but how much sweeter are two pretty ferry-women in red gold-laced bodices, who, if they are in temper, will lift up their sweet voices and sing some of the fresh mountain-songs of the region! One may then feel that he is happy.

OLIVER'S WIFE.

II.

MR. OLIVER RITCHIE, since his majority, about five or six years before Frances came to Westover, had contrived to spend most of his time, and a good deal of the small fortune inherited from his mother, in the city of Centreville. How he spent his time and his money nobody pretended to know except Mrs. Bland, who hinted darkly at "riotous living." She feared that Oliver was not steady, and she always had feared that he must get to the bad ever since his aunt instituted the practice of locking him up alone in the attic on Sunday afternoons with the "Call to Repentance" to read. Neither Mrs. Bland nor Miss Ritchie knew that Harry Bland used to climb up by the trellis at the side of the two-story back gallery of Mr. Ritchie's house, and so get on to the roof and supply Oliver with taffy and pea-nuts, together with the "Arabian Nights," and "Robinson Crusoe," and other good books.

We lived in Westover at that time, and our back-windows commanded that noble gallery, which seemed to have been built with a special view to the propensities of boys. I don't remember ever having seen Master Oliver test the resources of that tempting trellis-work; but many a time, when the poor lad was "in durance vile," we would have cheered brave Harry Bland on his perilous journey upward, but for the certainty that to "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame" would not, in his case, be a pleasant experience; and our sympathies were all on the side of the boys. We didn't like Mrs. Bland, for, when we lived in Westover, we came in for our share of her strictures; but we did put faith in Harry, and we have always thought that if it had not been for him, and his taffy, and his pea-nuts, and his wonderful adventures of giants, and genii, and dragons, and dwarfs, and gnomes, in which all healthy-toned boys believed for Tertullian's unanswerable reason, *quid impossibile est!* Oliver must have verified Mrs. Bland's predictions. Mrs. Oliver Ritchie is a popular woman in Westover, and people are

in the habit of attributing her husband's present high standing to her influence; but, for my own part, I always thought that poor Harry Bland, who lost his life the other day in the vain attempt to rescue a drowning lad, did more to make a man of Oliver than any one else.

Oliver pleaded hard to be sent to school with Harry, but Miss Ritchie, unwilling to expose her paragon to contamination, provided him with a tutor who said *i-ther* and *ni-ther*, and disbelieved in giants and dragons. If Frances, who had once scorched her curls reading "Prince Charmant" before the fire, because she could not wait for a light to be brought, had known this, she would have been at no loss to account for the saturnine visage of the young man who was introduced to her on Christmas-eve. For Oliver dutifully spent Christmas at home, and on this occasion, for some unconfessed reason, he extended his visit to a month. It was the private opinion of the household, Frances not excepted, that this was in homage to his father's ward; but he had not been in the house two weeks before Frances began to wish him away. He was undeniably a most polished young gentleman, but then—he was tiresome. Frances was bored by his scrupulously polite attentions, and she decided that, after all, he was not half so agreeable as his father.

"Frances, Frances," said Mr. Ritchie, one evening, with assumed playfulness, "I see you are at your old tricks, breaking hearts for pastime."

Frances received this charge with a demure protest, but she liked this sort of badinage, with which her guardian often amused her, but in which the sedate Oliver never indulged.

"What have you done to that boy of mine?" pursued Mr. Ritchie, leaning over her chair. Miss Ritchie had no misgivings as to the success of her match-making, now that Oliver was in the field; but Mr. Ritchie was by no means so sanguine; nevertheless, he spoke lightly. "See how woe-begone and listless he looks!"

Frances glanced toward the fire, where Oliver "sat, like his grandsire, cut in alabaster," listening to his aunt's platitudes; and remembering that Sallie Merle, her sworn friend, had described young Ritchie as "an unmitigated stick," she said, naively:

"Isn't he always so?"

"Lor, yes," interposed Miss Winifred, quickly; "that he is; but music always enlivens him wonderfully." Frances, with her embroidery-frame, had usurped the bay-window, and poor Miss Winifred, roaming restlessly about, was anxious to create a diversion.

"Winifred," said Mr. Ritchie, with restrained wrath, "you mistake; Oliver was not always—"

"Yes, to be sure!" said Miss Winifred, always amiably eager to correct her blunders, "he is more soberish of late. Mrs. Bland says—"

"Never mind what Mrs. Bland says," interrupted Mr. Ritchie, curtly. "Frances will give us some music."

"Just what I suggested a moment ago,"

said Miss Winifred, rather inclined to plume herself upon having suggested just what Mr. Ritchie desired.

Frances, with manifest reluctance, covered her embroidery, and followed Mr. Ritchie to the piano. She had promised the girls, and she had promised herself, that she would make Oliver pay a heavy penalty for his unpardonable neglect of the young ladies of Westover; but, in spite of his irreproachable politeness, she had found the frigid delinquent absolutely unimpressionable, and she resented being called upon to amuse him. "He is a stick," she said to herself; "I wish he were a walking-stick."

However, the moment she touched the keys Oliver began to show signs of life—signs not at all flattering to Miss Carleon's performance. He was too thoroughly acquainted with good music not to perceive that the best Frances could do was mere strumming. After one or two involuntary movements of irritation, he endured the infliction with resolute stoicism, but neither his father nor his aunt could force a compliment from him; and Frances, having rattled through her variations on "Old Dog Tray," and sung her tame little songs, found him, when she rose from the piano, sitting as unmoved as before. She put up her hand to hide a yawn she could not suppress.

An awkward pause followed; Mr. Ritchie waited for his son to express the pleasure he did not feel; Miss Ritchie was silent, through indifference to music of any kind; but at last Miss Winifred, whom the gathering gloom had driven from the window, thought she ought to say something to make things easy.

"Lor, Oliver," she exclaimed, "you are so fond of music, when you marry you must secure a wife that can sing and play."

The emphasis was libelous. Frances's yawn was converted into a smile, which, though her lips were hidden by her hand, shone out wickedly in her eyes. Mr. Ritchie frowned; Oliver shaded his face with his hand, so that it was impossible to read his thoughts; Miss Ritchie turned sharply, and, "Winifred," said she, pointedly, "ring for Warren to light the gas."

Miss Winifred obeyed with her accustomed penitent alacrity; and Mr. Ritchie immediately hastened to say:

"I hope, for my own sake, that you will marry a musical wife, Oliver.—Frances, we are infinitely obliged; you know what the immortal bard says about silence being the perfect herald of joy."

"Oh," said Frances, a little disdainfully, "I make no pretensions to music."

"Lor, now, Miss Carleon," said Miss Winifred, who, owing to her anxiety to smooth over her little indiscretions of speech, always revived quickly after one of Miss Ritchie's withering glances—"lor, Miss Carleon, there's no need to disparage yourself. Never before, I can tell you, has Oliver cared to spend a whole month at home; and Mrs. Bland says, 'Oliver, it's time you were married.'"

For years Miss Ritchie had made it a study how to divert attention from Miss Winifred's unconsidered speeches; but at this last suggestive utterance her ingenuity failed her,

and she was thankful for a timely interruption from another source.

"Surely," said she, starting up with marked irritation, "I hear the door-bell!"

"Shall I go see?" said Miss Winifred, whose very eagerness to please made her a nuisance.

"It is Warren's business," said Miss Ritchie, almost fiercely.

Those who knew the Ritchies well, even those who called themselves the Ritchies' dearest friends, spent all their sympathy upon Miss Winifred. "A poor, plain, homeless creature, and so very obliging," every one said; but no one thought of what Miss Ritchie had to bear from this very obliging creature. "Social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar," says Arthur Helps, and, therefore, when poor Miss Ritchie, goaded to desperation, uttered some sharp sentence to recall Miss Winifred to a sense of propriety, people did not say, as they should have said, "What a trial that Miss Winifred is!" they said, "Poor Miss Winifred!" and "looked unutterable things" about Miss Ritchie; and all because Miss Winifred had a round, good-natured face, and an insane eagerness to oblige; while Miss Ritchie's severely calm features betrayed no interest in any thing beyond herself. For my own part, I always found Miss Ritchie's selfishness less obnoxious than Miss Winifred's maddening officiousness: for one could at least avoid the former, but from the latter there was no escape.

After a little delay, Warren ushered into the parlor Miss Sallie Merle and her brother Ben, both very particular friends of Miss Carleon, but neither of them favorites with Miss Ritchie. They had come to take Frances with them to an impromptu charade-party, and Frances eagerly accepted their invitation.

When she was gone, an ominous silence fell upon the group left in the sombre parlor—a silence that even Miss Winifred was afraid to disturb, further than to say that she remembered that she had promised (herself) to spend the evening with Mrs. Bland.

The moment the front-door closed behind her, the family trio went into secret session, and the world never knew what passed, for they could keep their own counsel; but the gossips of Westover do not hesitate to assert that the expediency of a marriage with Frances was then and there urged upon Oliver—for Mr. Ritchie was heard to say to his sister, the next morning, that Oliver was as shy as a certain John Ritchie, who had died a bachelor for the want of some one to spur him on to matrimony; to which Miss Ritchie had replied that she hoped Oliver would appreciate his opportunities.

Opinions were divided as to what were the opportunities to which Miss Ritchie referred; for it soon transpired, through Mr. Ritchie himself, that Oliver had refused a partnership with Starkweather & Hollis, brokers and commission-merchants of Westover, to indulge a hobby about a model farm he had purchased near Centreville; but it was a subject that Mr. Ritchie evidently did not like to dwell upon, and Mrs. Bland declined to believe in the farm. She called it a myth. Had

not her Harry gone down with Oliver the very day after Miss Winifred had spent the evening with her, leaving Mr. and Miss Ritchie haranguing the young man in the parlor, and had not Harry returned looking extremely grave, and refusing absolutely to discuss Oliver's affairs? She alluded to Frances as "The Sacrifice," and declared that her heart bled for the poor girl; yet her surmises concerning that young lady were founded on premises hardly more substantial than "the baseless fabric of a vision."

Frances came down to breakfast the morning after the charade-party in high spirits. She had a talent for private theatricals, and her talent had been truly appreciated, so she could forgive Oliver's indifference to her attempts at music. Miss Ritchie, unwise Miss Ritchie, evinced no interest in the frivolous details she was eager to report, but Mr. Ritchie lent a willing ear to his ward's lively prattle, and he received his recompense accordingly. Frances, in return, could do no less than lend a willing ear to a little request he begged to make as soon as they withdrew from the table.

"My son," said he, with a telling sigh, "leaves us to-day."

"Oh, does he?" stammered Frances, who, conscious of being rather glad at heart, succeeded in looking quite distressed. "How dreadful!"

Mr. Ritchie was stimulated by this expression to indulge in a little fiction. "Oliver never regretted leaving home so keenly," he said. "You have made it very charming for him, Frances, and I thank you."

"Oh, I don't know—I'm sure," said Frances, in some confusion.

"Oliver has not the audacity of some of these young fellows," pursued Mr. Ritchie, "but his feelings are deep." Then he paused for the purpose of studying Frances's countenance. She was thinking of something Ben Merle had said, with much feeling, the evening before, about wealth being a questionable advantage to a girl; but Mr. Ritchie was so far from interpreting her thoughts that he really persuaded himself that she was troubled at the prospect of Oliver's departure, and so he said, reassuringly, "Oliver will not go without seeing you."

"Oh," said Frances, with an effort to recall her wandering thoughts, "he leaves to-day?"

"At half-past two; and he hopes that he is not presumptuous in asking to see you before he goes."

"Oh, certainly," said Frances, feeling rather uncomfortable; "I'll not forget to come down when he takes leave of the family."

"Nay, Frances," said Mr. Ritchie, eagerly, "I am compelled to be absent at that hour on urgent business, and Miss Ritchie also is obliged to attend a meeting of the Ladies' Benevolent Association, of which you know she is treasurer. It would be hard if there should be no one to bid the poor boy God-speed."

"Miss Winifred—" began Frances, hardly knowing what she would say.

"Oh, Winifred is utterly unreliable," said Mr. Ritchie, impatiently; "she would

forget the hour in her eagerness to tell Mrs. Bland that he is going."

Frances laughed.

"Oliver particularly desires to see you," said Mr. Ritchie, earnestly.

"Oh, well," said Frances slowly, "for your sake, Mr. Ritchie."

"For my sake, then; so be it," said Mr. Ritchie, with resignation. He had hoped for some more assured token of his ward's interest in Oliver.

Frances, when left alone, felt provoked with herself for having promised to see Oliver. The combined hints of Miss Winifred and of Ben Merle had enlightened her as to Mr. and Miss Ritchie's wishes, and she said to herself, as she dressed for the one o'clock luncheon: "I may as well give that stick his congé, and be done with it. What a contrast to Ben Merle!"

When she went down to the parlor, Oliver was at the piano, playing with exquisite feeling that plaintive little melody, "Savour-
een Deleish," and it flashed across Frances for the first time that Oliver might be a man of more heart than his appearance would seem to warrant. He did not at first perceive Frances, but the instant he became aware of her presence he rose abruptly, coloring to the roots of his hair, and quite at a loss what to say.

"I am sorry to hear that you are to leave us, Mr. Oliver," said Frances, more ready than he with the commonplaces of society.

"Oh, thank you," said Oliver, his embarrassment not at all relieved by this expression of regret, "you are very kind to say so, but I have not, for some time past, considered Westover my home; I am only a visitor." He attempted to smile, but was unsuccessful. Frances felt a strong disposition to laugh, but conquered it, and said:

"You did me the honor to—express a desire to take leave of me." She felt that this was awkward, but how else could she give him to understand that she had not come in obedience to an impulse of her own?

"Oh, ah, yes; thank you!" said Oliver, changing color painfully. You are very kind. Yes, I thought it expedient that I should see you before I leave." He paused, looked helplessly around him, and began to pace the room.

"This is extremely disagreeable," thought Frances; "I wish he would put a stop to it."

Her wish was immediately gratified, for Oliver arrested his steps suddenly in front of her, and said, hurriedly, quite unconscious that he used her Christian name.

"Frances, I am much older than you—" He stopped, overpowered by embarrassment.

"Yes," said Frances, mechanically. "Several hundred years," she added, mentally.

"I trust," continued Oliver, rallying with effort, "that I—that you—that is—if so short an acquaintance may warrant my presumption—that you will regard me—as a brother."

"You do me infinite honor," said Frances, with secret indignation. She had expected something so different. She had promised herself the pleasure of showing this self-confident young gentleman that she saw through his designs upon her fortune,

and that she was not to be so easily caught—and behold! he had offered himself to be—her brother!

"I see that I have been presumptuous," said Oliver, with a look of mortification; "but—remember that if ever you should wish for a brother, I spoke in earnest; I myself have wished a thousand times during this visit that I had a sister like you, Frances."

"You have no right to call me Frances, Mr. Ritchie," said she, coldly. She was thoroughly angry. "Nice way," she said to herself, "to tell me that I need not hope to win him. As if I would have him! Detestable prig! I'll never forgive him!"

Alas for the constancy of woman! Before ten minutes had elapsed, Frances forgave him, fully and freely forgave him.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "I was not aware that I had called you Frances. I am detaining you against your will, I fear?"

"I promised Mr. Ritchie," said Frances, pointedly, "that I would take luncheon with you, as neither he nor Miss Ritchie could be at home."

"You are very kind," said Oliver, with an accent of humility. "May I trouble you still further with a card for Miss Ritchie? It is the address of a florist, which I forgot to leave with her this morning."

"Certainly," said Frances.

He took out his pocket-book and turned to the piano to write, and, as he did so, a little curl of golden hair, unobserved by him, fell at his feet. Frances saw it, but made no sign, thinking that he would pick it up presently. Loath to trespass upon so delicate a mystery, she yet could not withdraw her eyes from the little tress that lay in such dangerous proximity to his feet. Her foolish little heart began to beat audibly, she could not tell why, and her feelings toward Oliver underwent a sudden change. She actually fancied that she felt for him as she might have felt for—a brother who cherished such a token; and Oliver, when he turned to give her the card, beheld that in her face which he could not fathom.

He made a sudden movement, crushing the ringlet under his feet; and Frances, with a little cry of distress, impulsively pushed him back, lifted the shining hair, and, without looking at him, held it toward him, saying:

"This is yours."

Oliver gave a violent start.

"Yes, it is mine," he said, simply.

A silence followed, broken at last by Frances, who, turning shyly toward him, said:

"Ah, Mr. Oliver, if I had known, I should have understood you better."

Oliver smiled.

"I hope—" he began, and paused.

"Your secret is safe with me," said Frances.

"I do not doubt it," he answered, warmly. "You are young, and tender, and foolish enough, perhaps, to understand me. Every one else in this house would condemn me for an infatuated idiot. I was not about to pledge you to secrecy; but I was about to repeat the vain wish that I had a sister, for, if

I had, perhaps I should not contemplate, as I now do, abjuring my home, my father's house," he hastily corrected himself, "forever."

"And, if I were your sister," said Frances, eagerly, "I should entreat you to abandon such a purpose. O Mr. Oliver, think; you are an only son, an only child—"

She stopped abruptly, struck with compunction at the thought that she had abjured the aunt who had been both father and mother to her.

"You cannot imagine what a life mine has been," said Oliver, with a sigh. "The strictest care, the most faithful surveillance I certainly have had, but no sympathy. I fear it is now too late to stop and think."

"Oh, no; it is not, it cannot be too late, where there is affection," said Frances.

"Do you think so?" returned Oliver, with a grateful smile, as he took her hand; but whatever revelation he was about to make was checked by the appearance of Miss Winifred. Oliver instantly released the hand he had taken.

"Oh, I am sure," said Miss Winifred, "I hope I'm not intrusive; I wouldn't on any account, but luncheon is ready and waiting, and the stewed oysters will every one be stone-cold."

"It is of no importance," said Oliver, distantly. Then he added, more graciously: "You will lunch with—us, of course?"

"Oh, not on any account," said Miss Winifred, following close behind as Oliver and Frances went to the dining-room. "A piece of bread-and-butter is the greatest plenty for me."

Nevertheless, she did sit down at table in the capacity of reporter to Mrs. Bland, and hardly had the carriage that conveyed Oliver away turned the corner before she entered that lady's sitting-room with just enough breath to exclaim:

"It is done!"

Mrs. Bland understood perfectly what those three words signified, but neither she nor Miss Winifred could forego one syllable of the scanty details the latter had been able to gather concerning Oliver's leave-taking. They talked the matter over in the strictest confidence, but the very next day it was currently reported in Westover that Miss Carleon was engaged to be married to young Ritchie; and Ben Merle began, forthwith, to talk of going to Texas.

Mr. Ritchie heard the report, and admitted, with undisguised satisfaction, that there was some foundation for it; Miss Ritchie heard it, and did not contradict it; and, though Frances vehemently denied it, nobody believed her; who ever does believe a girl under such circumstances? Certainly not Mrs. Bland; for, though her own son Harry repeatedly declared, at home and abroad, that Miss Carleon was the highest authority on the subject, her faith in the deduction she had drawn from Miss Winifred's observations did not once waver. "Time will show," was the confident reply she made to her son's remonstrances. And time did show—some very remarkable developments.

One dismal, rainy day, some weeks after Oliver took his departure, Mrs. Bland was

forced, by a severe attack of influenza, to forsake the front-windows, but she lost nothing by this enforced exile, for Miss Winifred came over to dinner at five o'clock, and duly reported the only event that had occurred that day in the neighborhood—Miss Ritchie and Miss Carleon had gone to Centreville!

The news created a sensation. Harry Bland dropped his knife and fork and stared. Mrs. Bland exclaimed, "I told you so!" which was not true; had her life depended upon it, she could not have foretold that Miss Ritchie and Miss Carleon would go to Centreville; but, whatever happened, Mrs. Bland always said, "I told you so!" for she would not, on any account, fail to appear *au fait* in all that concerned her neighbors. "It is the trousseau?" queried she, cautiously, and fully prepared to add, "Just as I expected!" but Miss Winifred shook her head.

She had heard nothing to justify such a supposition, but she freely related all the particulars that she had been able to extract from Anita, Miss Ritchie's maid. Miss Winifred herself had been spending the morning with Caroline Dutton; Mrs. Bland remarked, parenthetically, that she was at a loss to discover that lady's attractions; Miss Winifred's absence from the scene of action was an injury for which she held Miss Dutton responsible. But Miss Winifred, not thinking it worth her while to defend the absent, quietly proceeded to state that Miss Carleon had, that morning, received a letter post-marked Centreville; that, upon reading it, she had screamed violently, and then had declared that she must and should and would go to Centreville that very day, and, as Mr. Ritchie was not at home, Miss Ritchie had decided to go with her.

"The letter was not from Oliver, I'll venture to say?" suggested Mrs. Bland.

"No," said Miss Winifred, mysteriously; "I saw the envelope, and it was not his handwriting."

"And is that all?" asked Mrs. Bland, impatiently.

"That's all," said Miss Winifred; "except a message for Mr. Ritchie about going to join them at Centreville, and to inquire for them at Sebastian Westermann's, 17 Latimer Place."

"Goodness gracious!—Harry, what on earth is the matter!" exclaimed Mrs. Bland.

"Nothing," said Harry Bland, hastily swallowing a glass of water. "This mustard is unendurable."

"Mustard!" repeated Mrs. Bland, incredulously.

"Don't you remember Tom Crafts?" said Miss Winifred.

"What has Tom Crafts to do with it?" said Mrs. Bland, with her eyes on her son, whose frank face wore a look of conscious guilt.

"Why, you know he wanted to marry Miss Ritchie, and he married somebody else? He married the daughter of this very Sebastian Westermann. He was our music-master, and he taught Miss Susan Carleon, Mrs. Hodges now, you mind. He must be quite old."

"What do you know about these people, Harry?" asked Mrs. Bland.

"Not much more than what Miss Winifred has just alluded to," answered truthful Harry; "but I don't think it advisable to discuss them." A moment later he left the room.

"I don't believe in that mustard," said Mrs. Bland.

"Neither do I," said Miss Winifred, innocently; "it gives me a red nose."

"It is wonderful," thought Mrs. Bland, "how stupid a woman may be and yet go at large," but she hadn't the heart to snub Miss Winifred.

The letter that Frances received was from Mr. Hodges, stating that, as he and his wife were returning to Rodney from a trip to Savannah, Mrs. Hodges was taken alarmingly ill with pneumonia at Centreville; that, fearing an hotel would prove too noisy, he had found rooms in a private house, which, as it happened, was the home of an old musician, who had once given lessons to Mrs. Hodges. He added that the physicians thought Mrs. Hodges was in a very critical condition, and he besought Frances to come to her without delay. All this Mrs. Bland learned in a most unexpected manner.

Miss Winifred, in a letter to her cousin, Jemima Stacy, had given the history of Frances Carleon's advent to Westover; and her cousin, Jemima Stacy, now replied, not only to say that her husband was brother to the Hodges that married Miss Carleon's aunt, but also to beg Miss Winifred to break to Frances the lamentable tidings that her aunt was very ill and not expected to recover. This letter, written from Centreville, was received the day after Frances and Miss Ritchie left. It accounted plainly for their sudden departure; but it did not explain to Mrs. Bland's satisfaction the peculiar effect of the mustard upon her son and heir, for, in his case, not his nose only, but his whole face, was flushed a most suspicious scarlet, and Mrs. Bland determined to make investigations.

Meantime, Miss Ritchie and Miss Carleon arrived at Centreville late in the evening of the day after they started, and Frances insisted upon going immediately to 17 Latimer Place.

It was a small house in an obscure street, and Miss Ritchie shook her head disapprovingly as she ascended the steps. The door was opened by a deaf old woman who could not understand when Mrs. Hodges was asked for; but, hearing the names Miss Carleon and Miss Ritchie, she said, "Ah, yes!" with a look of intelligence, and led the way to the nearest door, which she threw open without ceremony, and the travelers found themselves in a small, tastefully-furnished parlor, where a young girl, exquisitely fair and pretty, was sitting before the fire. She rose as they entered, and Miss Ritchie, without stopping to introduce herself, asked for Mrs. Hodges.

A look of distress came over the girl's face.

"The sick lady?" she said, softly. "Are you her friends?"

"Yes, yes!" said Frances. "I am her niece. How is she? Where is she? Oh, take me to her!"

"Haven't you heard?" said the girl, pityingly.

"Heard?—No.—Heard what?" said Frances, shaking like a leaf.

"O dear ladies, it is very sad," said the pretty young girl, looking from Miss Ritchie to Frances, and from Frances to Miss Ritchie, and finally taking Frances's hand; "but they have taken her away—she died this morning."

"Dead!" said Frances, staggering, and sinking into a chair. "Dead!—dead!" she repeated, and wrung her hands.

Miss Ritchie was shocked; almost any expression of grief would have shocked Miss Ritchie.

"Miss Carleon," said she, "remember that you are among strangers."

"What do I care?" cried Frances, wildly. "She is dead, and I am alone in the world! Two months ago I left her in anger, and now I shall see her no more!" and she abandoned herself to a storm of grief.

The young girl who had looked on in pitying silence, threw herself on her knees by Frances's side, and exclaiming, brokenly, "I have no words wherewith to comfort you!" put her arms around her, and wept with her.

Miss Ritchie stood in the middle of the room like a statue. She did not offer a word of consolation or sympathy to Frances; but, to do her justice, she did not know what to say. She was mortified at Miss Carleon's want of self-control; she was offended at the young stranger's familiarity; she was impatient to get away.

"I should like to send a message to my nephew," said she. "I must have an escort to the hotel."

"I am very sorry, madam," said the young girl, rising; "but I have no other servant than the old woman that admitted you, and she could not find her way in this city; and my grandfather is old and feeble; but if you will wait a little, I can furnish you an escort. Will you sit down? You must be so tired."

"Thank you," said Miss Ritchie, stiffly, as she accepted the proffered chair. She had no wish to enter into conversation with this person; but as her eyes wandered around the room they were arrested by a portrait on the wall, and she was suddenly moved to ask, "Are you Sebastian Westermann's granddaughter?"

"Yes, madam," was the answer, with a smile and a blush. "Perhaps madam was one of his old pupils? His old pupils all remember him."

Miss Ritchie made no reply. She turned her eyes again to the portrait of Tom Crafts, and thought to herself: "So this is his daughter? She does not resemble her father. I suppose she is like—the woman he married."

"That is my father—he is dead," said the young girl, softly, with the childlike unreserve of a purely sympathetic nature. At that moment a voice in the street sang a few bars of Schubert's "Serenade;" and, softly clapping her hands, the girl said, with a pretty shyness: "That is my husband. I always open the door for him my own self." Whereupon she ran out of the room, leaving Miss Ritchie in a state of virtuous contempt at her silliness.

After a short delay, during which the

sound of her musical voice, in eager explanation, came through the open door, she returned, followed by a tall young man.

The gas had not been lighted, but by the uncertain flicker of the fire-light Miss Ritchie's experienced eyes perceived instantly that he had the air and carriage of a gentleman. She rose, therefore, almost involuntarily, and advanced with a formal apology upon her lips; but a single step forward brought her face to face with her nephew!

Miss Ritchie had been so long accustomed to having all her wishes gratified that his presence there did not surprise her so much as one would have expected. She had just been wishing for him, and, lo! he had come. His appearance on the scene could be easily accounted for: his interest in Miss Carleon had naturally led him to take an interest in her aunt, and of course he had heard through Mr. Hodges that Miss Carleon had been written for; so Miss Ritchie merely said, with her usual calm:

"How fortunate that you have come!"

But the truth was, Oliver knew of Mrs. Hodges only as an old friend of the old organist, Westermann; he did not dream that she had any connection with Frances, and he little expected to meet Miss Ritchie and Miss Carleon when he entered the room. He recoiled suddenly at his aunt's voice, with a violent exclamation, and threw his arm around the fair-haired girl at his side. In the very stress of his surprise, the instinctive action made him smile bitterly at the remembrance of the many times in his boyhood he had vainly striven to protect his cherished treasures from his inexorable aunt.

"Merciful Heavens!" ejaculated Miss Ritchie, faintly, clasping her hands, and recoiling in her turn. "What does this mean?"

Frances, suddenly checked in her violent weeping, looked up, comprehended the case at a glance, and said:

"She is your wife?"

"I don't believe it!—I won't believe it!" said Miss Ritchie, vehemently.

"She is my wife!" said Oliver, firmly.

"A clandestine marriage—a Ritchie—I would not have believed such a thing of a Ritchie. After all my careful training, to let yourself be ensnared by a mere pretty face!" said Miss Ritchie, indignantly.

"Miss Ritchie," said Frances, "can't you see that it was her heart, and not her face? Oh, I can see that, for she felt for me, though a stranger!"

"Thank you, Frances," said Oliver, cordially.

"I am sick of this talk about hearts," said Miss Ritchie.—"Where was your common-sense, Oliver? Were you ashamed of this girl that you—"

"Ashamed of her?—No!" said Oliver, proudly, without waiting for his aunt to finish her incoherent sentence. "Nor have I done any thing to be ashamed of. I have not acted clandestinely. Sophie knows my history; she bears my name—"

"Since when?" said Miss Ritchie, in a choking voice.

"Since I left Westover last," replied Oliver.

"Oliver, what possessed you?" said Miss Ritchie, indignantly.

"Don't ask me that, Aunt Janet," said Oliver, with a frown, and glancing uneasily at Frances. "I told you, and I told my father, before I left Westover, that I would marry no woman I did not love. You were pleased to say that I was talking nonsense—"

"Don't, don't!" whispered his wife.

"But I must," said Oliver, in a softened tone. "Aunt Janet, if I could have hoped for any sympathy, any forbearance from you or my father, I would have given you my confidence; but I acknowledge your right to be informed of my marriage; I did not intend to keep it long concealed from you; all I waited for was a fitting opportunity."

"I renounce you!" said Miss Ritchie, angrily lifting her hand. "I renounce you, in my own name and in my brother's, from this time forth, forever!"

"So be it," said Oliver, haughtily.

"Oh! no! no! no!" cried Frances, wildly. "Take back those dreadful words. Remember I said so once, and see how death makes regret unavailing. I can never unsay my words." Tears choked her utterance.

"I have done no wrong," said Oliver, haughtily.

"Yes, you have," said Frances; "own it, like a man. You have done wrong, Mr. Oliver. You might have been frank with each of us; but I can understand it all. I can see that I was, innocently, the provocation to this step—"

"Provocation?" repeated Oliver, with a short laugh. "I beg your pardon, Miss Carleon, but I should have married Sophie, you see, in spite of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' Pray, don't fancy that you are to blame."

"I beg to be spared all profane jesting on this painful subject," said Miss Ritchie, stiffly.

"We are not jesting," said Frances, impatiently. "What is the sense of jesting?—You know what I mean, Mr. Oliver; and Miss Ritchie knows, and Mr. Ritchie knows that—that—it was hoped I would be Mrs. Oliver Ritchie—all Westover knows it! But you didn't wish it, and I didn't wish it, so there you have the truth, and the truth is a good thing to straighten crooked things by. And I pledge myself to bring about a reconciliation."

"It is a SCANDAL," said Miss Ritchie, with bitter emphasis. "I shall never get over it!"

"Yes, you will—you must," said Frances; "for hasn't she got the loveliest, kindest heart in the world; a heart to melt a stone? When I thought that there was not a heart in all this world to feel for me, did not she weep with me?" And Frances threw her arms impulsively around her new friend and wept afresh.

Miss Ritchie said nothing; but she lifted her eyes to the portrait of her old lover, and a grim smile for a moment distorted her calm, cold features, at the recollection of a stormy scene in which Tom Crafts had told her that the whirligig of time would bring in his revenges. Perhaps the recollection had its influence, for, though Frances did not effect an immediate reconciliation, she succeeded in bringing Mr. and Mrs. Oliver

Ritchie to Westover with the first roses of the spring, and there they have remained ever since.

But before the return of Miss Ritchie and Miss Carleon, Mrs. Bland had the felicity of electrifying the town with the report of Oliver's marriage. She declared that she had it on the best authority; but nobody knew, until she and Miss Winifred quarreled about a green veil, that she had purloined a letter from her son's writing-desk. Of course she said, "I told you so!" with great unction, when the report was confirmed, and people began to put faith in her statements. She still persists in calling Frances "The Sacrifice," and there are not wanting some who believe with her that Miss Carleon's heart is quite broken by Oliver's treachery; but Ben Merle is not one of them.

KAMBA THORPE.

A WESTERN VINEYARD.

II.

WE had very nearly reached the lower edge of the pasture when Jack stopped and declared that, so long as he had money in his pocket, a real desire in his heart to pay somebody for some grapes, and withal a burning thirst in his throat for another pound or two of Catawbas, he felt justified in helping himself out of any man's plenitude.

He accordingly turned around and walked straight in among the trellises and whipped out his knife. Helena, carried away with the boldness of the theory, followed him, and the two began cutting with great liberality. They came out with enough to last quite another fifteen minutes.

Suddenly there burst upon our ears several terrific whoops. We looked around, and beheld, close upon us, running as fast as their legs could carry them, a farmer and two dogs. They raised a tremendous yellow dust as they came, and, as seen by our eyes, the picture was peculiarly striking.

The man was a German, and was the owner of the place. He was white with fury, and it was some while before he could supplement his wild gesticulations with any thing like intelligible words. Meanwhile, the desperate-looking dogs had deployed, and had seated themselves in the dirt on either side.

What right had we there? (this was demanded half a score of times in rapid succession, and, being totally unable to give an answer that would suit, we were compelled to be dumb altogether). Who told us to come here and rob the vineyard? Who gave us a right to come and eat up a man's property? Where did those grapes come from, eh? Where were we standing? Were we in the road? Were we where we paid to be? Well, then! And the infuriated grape-raiser strode up and down, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. Jack began to explain. But the attempt set the other off again, and he told us to come along. "Come along, before the justice! Come along and be locked up! Come along, all three of you!"

Helena, who had already retreated behind

Jack, uttered a very audible cry of dismay. She in a cell! She manacled and chained to the floor! She fed on bread and water! She, the daughter of an old and respected family of New York, dragged through the streets for robbing a vineyard!

Jack now resolutely put in his oar, and kept it there. He explained, in spite of fifty interruptions, that we had made every reasonable attempt to purchase the fruit, and he insisted that he was desirous of paying for what he had taken.

But the German would not listen with patience to a word. He set forth the continual trouble that he had with just such people as we were, and he pointed to three depleted trellises in proof of his assertions. He said that he had finally made up his mind to prosecute the very next trespassers that he caught, and he professed himself to be glad that he had captured us.

I am free to confess that matters at that moment seemed to me to be pretty dark. The man was clearly bent upon taking us into town, where we might, perhaps, escape with a fine of five dollars and costs.

"All right, then!" cried Jack, in desperation; "come on, we'll go and be tried before dinner."

"I'll follow you every step of the way with my dogs," returned the German, and he whistled his two beasts to his heels—and ugly-looking animals they were, with their long, black hair knotted up with burrs.

"Follow us with a dozen dogs!" retorted the other.

"It'll cost you twenty dollars."

"No matter if it costs a hundred!"

The German rubbed his hands through his hair. He had a money-making face. He fell to calculating. Then he cried:

"If you give me a dollar a piece I'll let you go. If not—"

"Come," said Jack, "the grapes are worth fifty cents. We've made you some trouble. I'll give you a single dollar."

The German spat on the ground, and held out for three.

"Three dollars or the lock-up, all of you, woman, and old man, and you yourself!"

Jack reflected. In case we went before the justice we should lose the afternoon, a fair sum of money, to say nothing of gaining a disagreeable publicity. He drew out some bank-notes, and the German came up like a hungry trout with a rush. His itching palm drew back, and he was soothed.

Helena, who was clutching Jack's arm, and looking around the promontory of his shoulder with terror-startled eyes, whispered:

"B—but Jack, dear, isn't he compound-ing with fel—felony?"

"By Heavens, yes!—Here, you sir!"

The German, who had begun to retreat, turned about.

"You have committed a crime yourself. I can now arrest you. I can take you to the lock-up and have you treated like a dog. What right have you got to let me off for one dollar when the law says I must pay five in case I commit a trespass, eh? Tell me that."

The farmer looked puzzled.

"You came at us on the dead run, and

bullied us. You used a sort of language that was entirely unnecessary, and you refused to hear a reasonable explanation. You rejected my offer to pay even more than a fair price for the fruit, and then, when you found that I was willing to suffer the consequences of the felony that I had committed, you took the law into your hands for the purpose of making four dollars."

A long wrangle then ensued, in which Jack came out triumphant. The German returned to him the money that he had taken, and was clearly glad to cry quits in the game. It was a very curious group at that moment; the sullen grape-raiser on one side, the flushed and dictatorial Jack on the other, with the palpitating and yet apprehensive Helena lurking in the rear, and the two gloomy dogs moving about in circles.

After a short silence that followed this clash of tongues, Helena said:

"Now, Jack, give the money back again, please. He is right in the matter, and we should carry a burden of shame to our graves if we went away scot-free on the authority of our questionable law. Please, Jack!"

It was done, and we retreated, leaving the German more puzzled than ever, and yet not inclined to think ill of us. He kindly gave us some advice at the distance of a hundred yards, and it was with a clear sense of guilt and defeat that we passed through the last fence, and so quitted the precincts.

The atmosphere of the adventure hung about us for several days, and it gave all things a hue to our eyes that they did not possess. It was impossible to look a landscape fairly in the face, or to catch sight of a bunch of grapes without estimating its market value. Prevented, therefore, from indulging in listless and careless wanderings, or in the pure sentiment of the place and season, we fell to picking up knowledge of the business features of the grape-raising interest. We applied in all faith to the farmers themselves, but the statements of no two had the slightest resemblance. An astute Hanoverian on one side of a road would tell one tale respecting the general prospects of the present crop, and of the values of past crops; and an equally astute Bohemian, on the other side, would solemnly assure us that something radically different from what we had just heard was the commonly accepted truth. No two farms, were they ever so similar in position and surroundings, seemed to produce fruit of equal fullness, and no two persons wholly agreed upon the measure of superiority of either the Delaware or the Catawba over the other as a wine-grape. And that is the one great question. The opinions expressed as to what constitutes a fair production in tons per acre were as various as the leaves of the forest, and not one man in twenty was willing to admit that the very full and ample crop of the year was at all satisfactory. One farmer used three wires on his trellises, and another used four, because none who knew any thing would try to support grapevines on less; while a third ignored wire altogether, and, tying up his plants to cedar-sticks, in the good old-country way, scoffed without stint at "dese yere Yankeevied vellers." It was difficult to get it admitted that

there was a fair compensation for this sort of farming, it being the common cue to deceive one with magnified reports of the shortcomings of some indifferent years, while ignoring the more than usual fruitfulness of others. Nearly every man endeavored to make us believe that his lot was particularly hard, and that, had it not been for the ill-fortune that led him into this sort of work, he would now have been the possessor of untold wealth. When it was pointed out to any of these that it was clear, from their own previous statements, that they now owned thrice the quantity of cultivated land that they did formerly, and that, compared with the profits made from farms of the ordinary kind, their profits of two hundred dollars per acre was something princely, they would shrug their shoulders and turn away with so much gloom in their faces, that it was impossible not to feel assured after all that the vineyards were carried on for the mere pleasure it gave to raise the grapes and to bottle the wine.

It will not do to begin here to give exact information respecting the production of the vineyards, or of the thousand-and-one facts regarding grape-culture. A scrap of knowledge being much worse than none at all, and the mathematics of the wine-vaults being practically undefinable and without limit, it is entirely natural to shirk the whole matter upon the shoulders of true compilers, who have no call to lounge away their days or to turn willing eyes and ears to the less responsible charms of the region.

It was enough for Jack and Helena to search for the natural beauties that the region afforded, and to rest tranquil with what they found in the skies and the fields round about them. They turned their backs upon statistics, and their poetic sense was of too tender a nature to withstand the rasping of the debits and credits of the soil, and of the figures that attach themselves to all aesthetics. So they strolled and boated and gazed and dreamed and read verses and gave themselves up to October, wholly unmindful of the arithmetic that she bore in her bosom.

From off the regular roads of the island there led, as the exigencies of travel required, many narrow lanes that wound their brown and yellow lengths over the slightly uneven ground, and among, in most instances, the trunks of huge umbrageous trees. Some of these little haphazard by-ways were extremely beautiful, and they ended in all cases in broad clearings, hidden from view from the road, and cultivated to the fullest extent with grapes and corn. There was one of these semi-secreted farms, to whose edge it was tempting to wander, so rich was it in cultivation, and so exposed were its broad acres to the glow of the sun. Just opposite to the point where the lane opens upon the farms there is an endless grove of mingled oaks and elms, that belonged to the first wild forest, that only twenty years before entirely over-spread the land. Upon this line of lofty trees there had descended the gay and varied colors of the autumn, and yet enough of the sombre green remained to save to the clouds of verdure a tone of grandeur. Beneath the boughs of the woods began the vineyards, with their seas of leaves and their multitudes of gray,

weather-beaten posts; the huge waves of vines sank down into the depressions of the land, and then arose on the gentle declivities like the long sea-swells of the Atlantic. Farther to the south were fields of corn, cut and stacked in glowing, yellow heaps; the ground itself, although depleted of its grain, was still radiant with the golden-hued stalks, hewed half-way down. In the open fields there grew a yellow weed, whose slender, glistening stem and funny seed-pods waved to and fro in the faintest breath of air, carrying flushes of sparkles clear to the sombre feet of the distant forest. There was always a low and cheery chirp of insects, and from the recesses of the woods there came the echoing sound of the woodpeckers tapping upon the tree-trunks. Floating in the warm and hazy air there passed the floating thistle-seeds, wandering on and on, now hesitating and now soaring, as if with fresher heart for another journey. Now and then a long, stray spider's-thread would swing out upon the almost breathless air, and at the height of the eyes would flaunt its silver silk in the rays of the sun. Surrounded by so much that was peaceful, and beholding so much that was beautiful, it was not strange that one should lose all knowledge of dates, and forget the affairs and interests of the people. It must be easy to understand that there could be no labor for us, and that our ambitions became warped and circumscribed. Helena professed to have no greater desire than to find some new lounging-place, or to transmit to her notebook a description of some scene that would be entirely fresh. She led on into the yards of all kinds of domiciles, and involved herself in countless difficulties with the too suspicious inhabitants of the place. Frequently, however, she was rewarded with a new emotion, and, when this occurred, she scored it with avidity in all the immutability of ink.

At the time of our arrival at the island the earlier grapes were being gathered, and before we left the Catawbas, the latest of them all, were falling beneath the hands of the pickers. I remember that the commencement of this last harvesting occurred on a Monday. Seemingly by a secret arrangement, all the farmers in the entire region started out with their helpers on the morning of that particular day to wage a ruthless warfare; and, if the attack was preconcerted, most gallantly was it carried out, for the little world was turned topsy-turvy, and the grapes fell by tons.

Early in the day the island seemed to have become depopulated, for all the men and women had turned out into the vineyards with baskets, and had hidden themselves in the trellises. The sun climbed up, and still so lifeless were the houses that one would have said that a scourge had swept the island. It was only by close examination that the people were to be found in their lurking-places, and, upon discovering them crawling and cutting, it was impossible not to think of hungry moths in a rug. So natural is it to demand for certain beautiful things certain respects and deferences, that it was not surprising that Helena should look with ill-concealed impatience upon the rough and unpicturesque methods of grape-gathering that these farm-

ers practised. To her mind it would have been vastly more fitting had the people decorated themselves with ribbons, and sang sweet roundels all day long, and then gone home at nightfall in procession, making love and dancing all the way. It annoyed her to see them crawling along on their knees in the yellow dirt, dressed in blue-cotton stuff, and with no possible appreciation of the æsthetic features of their employment. And not only to their grape-gathering did she apply her criticism, but to all the conditions of their lives. It was very curious as well as lamentable that these Germans, coming as they did from a land overflowing with artistic effects in methods of dress, in building, and in ceremonial, should be content to put up with a supreme ugliness and unfitness while in the presence of so much that was full of natural beauty.

The supreme and everlasting struggle for the dollar is carried on by these workers with a fierceness that is unknown even in the harsher parts of the Eastern country, where the soil is the poorest ever tilled by man, and where to wring from a farming-land a fair subsistence requires the severest toil. The German, attracted hither by self-made promises of extraordinary gains, is just as keen and just as eager in the pursuit of these gains as is a New-England farmer in pursuit of the barest living. One here finds himself in an atmosphere of oppressive economy and rigid self-denial that is sadly out of tone with the fruitfulness of the land and the geniality of the climate. That man should be so petty and Nature so lavish is an incongruity, the sense of which pursues one wherever he moves, and whenever he falls into conversation with the hard-handed people of the place.

A large portion of the crop finds its way into the market for the table, but, upon the satisfying of the demand for this purpose, the fruit goes directly into the hands of the wine-makers. The great companies, like the one that owns the large vaults at Kelly's Island, absorb another large portion of the year's product, while the remainder is used by the minor presses that are owned by associations having comparatively little capital. Scattered here and there about the region of Put-in-Bay are farms that support presses of this latter kind, and their course of treatment of the fruit is substantially the same as that adopted by their greater and more powerful neighbors. The raisers of the fruit dispose of their crops in advance of the ripening season to the agents of the wine-makers, and therefore when the time comes to gather the fruit and fulfill the contracts, there is a great activity in the fields and the pressing-room.

For many days previous to the Monday that I have spoken of, it was clear that great things were to be done, for the broad doors of the wine-cellars were all open, and there was a general and vigorous washing out of tubs and tanks, and a gradual accumulation of wine-barrels in the leaf-strewed yards. Sounds of coopers' hammers filled the air and wagons went by laden with presses that had been bought or borrowed, and were now on the way to the field of action. We went into the press-room of the largest establishment upon the island a few days before the work

commenced, and found that all was ready for the culminating act of the year. Three presses stood in a solemn row, with their huge screws pending over them, and their long, rough levers reaching out over the floor, ready for use. Two great mills stood close by with their mouths yawning hungrily for food, and there came up from the cool, damp cellar below the hollow sounds of the tun-menders' hammers, and the low, guttural talk of the German laborers. Every thing that was to be seen contributed in some way to the eager expectation, and it was with a somewhat fevered impatience that Helena watched the slow work of the pickers in the fields.

Finally, however, the flood began to rise, and it was in no languid stream, for from the lanes and by-ways there came by wagon and truck, and by horseback and by man-back, a rich outpouring of the generous fields that was as ample as the tide of the sea.

While strolling along by the road-side, one encountered piles of rough baskets filled to the brims with the fragrant fruit awaiting transportation to the presses. Carts drawn by shaggy-coated horses, with their noses almost touching the earth, labored up and over the shadowy roads, drawing their heavy but most delicious burdens. Men, women, and children, were to be seen far off in the vineyards silently tottering along under their soft and purple loads, and, at every rod or two, high piles of grapes lay upon strips of matting spread upon the ground. It was then that walking about hap-hazard was most delightful. The air was a little cooler than it had been, and it was far more clear. The leaves of the trees had taken upon themselves richer reds and more glowing yellows, and the russets had deepened into a sad sombreness. The winds came up more quickly, and blew a little firmer, and made a greater stir among the gay leaves upon the ground. The woods were much thinner, and, when the clouds arose in the middle of the afternoon, the sky seen through the stripped branches looked cold and angry. The light between the tree-trunks was white and full of gloom, and the blackbirds that rushed over the tops of the groves seemed whirled about by sudden gusts of wind, and to be at the mercy, as every thing else was, of the frowning elements. It was not unusual to see a little German (on his way to the grape-presses) looking quite blue and cold; and the skirts and shawls of the pickers between the trellises often blew and fluttered as if it were mid-winter.

At the presses the grapes were thrown in heaps, and, after weighing, were ready for the mills. A press consists of a heavy oaken cylinder, five feet in diameter and thirty inches high, strongly hooped, and pierced, two-thirds of the way from the bottom, with narrow, perpendicular cuts an inch and a half apart. The cylinder, being without either top or bottom, is placed upon an inclined plane of wood broader than itself, with a narrow gutter-strip running all around its outer edge, until it reaches a point upon the lowest side, where it opens for an inch or two, in order that the expressed juice may flow off. The grape-pulp is thrown into the cylinder until it is

three-fourths filled, when it is covered with heavy planks and joints, upon which plays a heavy screw worked by means of a lever twelve feet long.

We haunted the wine-house in order that we might see the presses fairly at work. It was never fully light in the place, and, as it was roughly built, the rafters were open to the gaze. Its floor was already red and dark with the blood of old vintages, and the air was laden with a sweetish scent. It was on a day of bright sunshine that the labors of the presses began, and, while, outside, the stout Germans were unloading the wagons that came with more fruit, those within were filling up the cylinders with the broken pulp of grapes that had been already crushed. No sooner were the planks placed upon the fruit than a faint trickling was heard, and from out the narrow apertures in the sides of the cylinders there flowed in timid rills the first wine of the year. It ran down in dull-red streams, and flowed into tubes that led to the great casks in the dark cellars below. After the presses were fully prepared, the brawny, hatless men thrust the levers into the screw-heads and walked in circles once or twice around, now coming out of the darkness, and now marching face first into it. Then it was that the real wine-flood ran, the trickling grew into a pouring, and from below there came a long, low, half-resonant echo as the streams fell down into the hollow tuns beneath.

Helena looked on with satisfied eyes. It was all right. The half-light won the battle for the picturesque over the ugly. Nothing was fully lighted up; all things were suggested merely, and not exposed. The powerful, bare-armed men, the rough presses, the piles of grapes, the two laborers turning at the mills high up above the floor, the bulging sides of the spare casks, the heavy beams overhead, all were brought out in vivid high light, and this, with the October wind playing in from the brilliant fields without, together with the intoxicating scents from the flowing wine, made the young woman entirely tranquil, and permitted her to forget most of the old outrages that had been committed upon her sense of the true and fitting.

It was on one of the very last days of our stay that we happened upon a German of a different stamp than his compatriots, and it was a piece of great good fortune; for we were enabled to depart from the island with a kindly feeling for the whole community that we could not otherwise have had.

It was in early afternoon that we struck into a long, straight side-road, that led nearly from shore to shore, and we found it deserted. There were few trees near by, and the single yellow wheel-track stretched away to the south for three good miles, and ended in a brown copse of oak. On either hand were almost boundless vineyards. All the vines had grown a little sombre, and, having yielded up their burdens, were already bending somewhat wearily toward the earth. A strong, even wind was blowing from the west, and it careened over the trees in the far distance, and came on, bringing the sound of an immense rustling with it. The sky was partly covered with clouds, and the autumn

sun was pale and cool. Helena gazed upon the wide prospect with great satisfaction, and, breathing a deep breath, she gathered her wraps about her and urged us on.

Passing a gate, which was fastened with an obstinate hoop of wire, we came upon a vineyard with a path leading off toward a small house far in the distance. Here and there in the wide field the head of a vintager could be seen as he rose for the moment from his lonely task, as if to stretch his cramped limbs and to see how much the world had changed since he began his work. The musky scent of the fruit, though lighter and less potent on account of the coolness of the air, was yet heavy, and it caused Helena to quote from Longfellow's "Catawba" with the soft air of a Bacchante. A part of the path was overarched by a trellis, and the hanging grapes barely escaped our heads as we walked beneath them. The wind played kindly upon the pendent leaves, and the faint sunlight lay in pale flushes upon the grass. Far off upon the edges of the plantation were more of those sad, tall trees that mark all these western lands, and between them gleamed, in cold and steely gleams, the waters of the lake.

The house that we approached lay in a hollow, and about this hollow there grew many large oaks and elms, and their broad limbs stretched out and made a thick shelter over the little domicile. Picking a tortuous way between the roots of the trees, we came to a court-like yard hampered with old wheels and harrows. On its left was a gray building, something more important than a shed, and yet less dignified than a house. Its wide doors were open, and there was a wagon laden with boxes of grapes standing near by. There was an old red horse, roughly harnessed, tied to a hitching-ring, hanging his head and swinging an unkempt tail that was tangled with burrs. Beyond, was the house, neat and orderly in its immediate precincts, and there was a clear line of demarcation between the territory of the farmer and the stronghold of the housewife. It was a quiet, retired, and altogether charming little scene. That it was the house of a vineyard-keeper was clear enough, for there were three old casks piled beside a tree-trunk, and a number of baskets, brown with the juices of a thousand loads, were strewed about upon the ground and the fence-tops.

We walked up to the open door of the shed and looked in. There was a single wine-press in full operation. A short, thin man, with a scant, yellow mustache, and a black, broad-brimmed hat, was working the long lever. He pressed it forward a quarter-turn, with long strides, and then ran nimbly back to begin once more. In his mouth he held a pipe, which he did not smoke, and upon his left arm he bore a child whose brown head was resting sleepily upon his shoulder. Just as we saw them, the little man skipped backward with his mighty lever caught in one strong hand, and he said: "Zay, Leesbeth, yain't we havin' a yolly time?"

Then he saw us. He put the amazed and sleepy Leesbeth upon the floor, and came forward with a smile of welcome that would have warmed a stone.

We were fast friends in a moment. He was a philosopher of a kindly school—that is, he deplored none of his old reverses, and was full to the brim with thankfulness for the generous crop of the current season. His press, bubbling and frothing with the rich wine of his Concord, was a sort of altar over which he said his praise, and the fragrant stream that poured into his rapidly-filling casks was like the desert spring that Moses struck from the rock, a clear and specific gift from God himself. He led us here and there in his rough and ancient press-room, and he took great delight in Helena's intelligent ignorance. Together they peered into the great tubs filled with pulp, and into the depths of the press itself, and he explained to her, in the most delicious German-English, the principles of a tall glass gauge that tested the quantity of "chaokerine" (saccharine) matter in the raw juices. Helena is an indefatigable prowler, and it was odd enough to see her, all grace and fineness, cheek by jowl with the little Teuton with his fireless pipe. They talked incessantly, and when she presumed upon her knowledge of German, and spoke to him in his own language, his ardor knew no bounds, and he at once plunged into the history, statistic and romantic, of the wine-culture of the whole country. Now and then they laughed with unrestrained glee, and the merry host brought a broken-footed wine-glass, and, catching a draught of the running juice, gave it to her to drink. She tasted it with caution, but she instantly relaxed her lips, for the wine was sweet. The little man looked on with unaffected pleasure, and would have plied her, no doubt, till doomsday, had she but continued to offer him an empty glass. He presently led us out-of-doors on the way to his wine-cellar, and, while walking backward, gave us an animated sketch of his early life and successes. He overflowed with jollity, and he took occasion to point off over his broad vineyards, with his pipe in his hand, and to descant upon the graciousness of a Providence that permitted him to own so much—forgetting, meanwhile, that his brow was bent back, and iron arms, were proofs to us that he had been, in the best sense, his own providence.

His wine-cellar was beneath his press-room. Two tall gray doors opened into it as if into a barn. Within, it was cool and damp. There were six large casks and two small ones, and all of these were dark with age. From a little window in the wall at the farther end, high up above the floor, there came down a few rays of yellow light, but these did little to dispel the sombreness of the place. There was a sweet and earthy smell, and a silence that was made intense by the hollow echo of the rill of wine that flowed down from above into one of the half-empty tuns beside us. The proud owner of all this led us here and there into the obscure corners, talking gayly all the while, frequently stopping to offer us a calculation of the amount of money that this or that cask had yielded him in its time. He was happy in the midst of his possessions, and it was impossible not to feel some exultation ourselves from clear sympathy.

We tacitly agreed to accept him, with his

generosity and his whole-heartedness, as an exemplar of the spirit of the favored island, and to bury out of memory those harsher folk who had usurped the fair domain. We recall his small, spare figure, with its blue clothing, its clear and honest face, its profound talk, and its high-pitched voice, with a sense of gratitude, feeling that we must have quitted the place with qualified regret, had we not encountered him.

Jack bargained for some wine with him, and the two went about in the twilight tasting of this and of that, and holding their sparkling yellow glasses up against the few bright rays from without. Helena, while waiting, sat down and made a few notes in her book. I transcribe them:

"The end of the summer journeying is close at hand. It finishes in a proper place and at a proper time. My heart is lightened by finding, after all, in this land of strangers, at least one genial spirit. Rothert and Jack are hobnobbing, and are talking about free-trade. Jack has bought ten gallons of Delaware, of 1869. What are we going to do with ten gallons? It is growing cold without. The wind is becoming stronger, and the clouds, as I can see them through the doors, are getting heavier. The long, prairie-like land stretches away to the north, colored yellow-russet and dark-green. The branches of the trees chafe against the wine-house, and there is a dull roaring amid the branches. Ah, how easy it is for me to shudder in this unsunny place! Even the spattering of the wine in the cask has an iciness in it that reminds me of a half-frozen mountain-stream trickling faintly from rock to rock. Rothert and Jack suddenly laugh at some good joke—Rothert in tenor, and Jack in a tragic bass. How the sounds echo! Suddenly, there is a rush of dry leaves past the door; then a brown head appears; then a pair of small hands upon the sill; then a small back, with no legs to support it; then 'Leesbeth' stands erect upon the high threshold, with her feet wide apart, her right hand placed, palm outward, against her lips, and her left behind her; she is boldly-bashful; she stares in toward us, but says nothing. It is an odd little figure against the autumn sky and landscape. Another rush of leaves whirls up and falls in a shower about her. Rothert sees her and runs and catches her joyfully. I listen, hoping to hear him ask her once more if she is having a 'yolly time,' but I am disappointed. He says nothing, and simply looks at her and tosses her in his arms."

"Departure.

"October —. Off for New York once more. We need all the wraps that we can muster. Fog comes down. The deserted hotels are shut out from our view; so are the great vineyards and the make-believe houses. We see the trees with their mournful glories lost. How delightful is the egotism which permits us to pity a land that we desert, and so surrender to winter's cold and snow! Adieu, Rothert, may your wines soften and ripen beyond all precedent, and may thy kind visage remain forever to leaven the hardness and jealousy of thy race!"

ALBERT F. WENSTER.

SOME COLORED FOLK NORTH.

I.

THE portraits I have here drawn from memory are specimens of a class which has now, I fancy, almost ceased to exist. Here and there some ancient aunty and uncle still preserve the traditions of their youth, look down upon the present generation with scorn, and console themselves for the degeneracy of the times by their legends and memoirs of the grandeurs of the W—s, the L—s, and the G—s, all in their time "real grand ladies and gentlemen," for, according to these elders, there were in those days giants in gentility, as in bravery, virtue, beauty, and accomplishments.

Slavery in New York came very peaceably to its end, and, if the two young persons whom I wish to present to my readers were specimens of the habits and customs it produced, its final extermination, in many instances, must have been an unspeakable relief to the slave-holder.

Jube, whose full name, I suppose, must have been Juba, was before my recollection, but the memory of his exploits remained in the family, and I used to listen to stories of Jube and his doings with the same fascination that was exercised over my mind by the "Arabian Nights," or the "Book of Wonderful Anecdotes." Jube was to Topsy what Topsy was to Master Sandford, of model—and insufferable—memory.

Jube came into Mr. —'s hands by the same attraction which made his premises the refuge for all stray cats and kittens, lost dogs and lame chickens. I think Jube had no father or mother in particular, and I doubt whether he ever experienced one moment's depression of spirits from that melancholy circumstance. Like other imps, Jube was invited over the threshold, and, once across that magic barrier, he took full possession.

The house was full of children; there were several servants, a great deal of company coming and going. There was a garden and a pasture, horses and cows, and plenty of dogs, cats, and chickens, and each and all of these things and circumstances, animate or inanimate, favorable or unfavorable, were looked upon by Jube as so many means toward that mischief which was the one end of his life.

Advice or rebuke, punishment or pardon, restraint or liberty, it was all one to Jube. There was no method of moral or physical suasion at which he did not giggle and kick up his heels.

His ostensible business was to clean the knives and wait on the table, but, as he was never in the way when wanted, and never out of it when his presence was undesirable, he was not eminently useful in that capacity.

He drove the cook to madness; the chambermaid, a tearful damsel, to despair and hysterics; the coachman to fury; and the whole domestic staff into bitter remonstrance with the heads of the house, to whom Jube always applied for protection with unspeakably more

confidence than if he had been injured innocence personified.

What was to be done with such a creature? He was nominally a slave, as under the law he could not obtain his freedom till one-and-twenty; but, even had antislavery principles allowed of his being sold, what human being could have been found mad enough to buy "Mr. —'s Jube," who had joined his master's name to his own, and become a proverb through the length and breadth of two counties? It was impossible to turn a child, for he was but a child, into the world to shift for himself, and, as for bringing Jube into any conformity with law or order, you might as well have expected the King of Dahomey to take office under the American Board of Missions.

As for any punishment that came within the limits of humanity or decency, Jube cared no more for it than would a black-squirrel for a lecture on light and sweetness in art and literature; and, as the irrepressible conflict between himself and the other colored people about the place became more and more manifest, Jube's labors grew lighter and lighter, and were finally almost entirely confined to leading into mischief "Miss Francis" and going fishing with "Master Jim." Jube was the original boy who excused himself for indistinctness of speech on the ground that his "wums" for bait were carried in his mouth.

When left to his own devices, Jube would sometimes condescend to make himself useful—would now and then scour the knives or the brasses, or go on an errand without hopelessly confusing his message, or perplexing the mind of the person to whom the said message was addressed with the most unheard-of demands supposed to emanate from Jube's master or mistress. He certainly was rather a nuisance, but he was tolerated, taken care of, and even petted, for there was not a grain of malice in the boy, and it was desirable to make the best of him, seeing that, to all appearance, he was a fixed fact.

Like most of his race, Jube had a passion for horses, and never lost any chance of riding or driving those of his master, or indeed those of any one else.

One winter's day, a gentleman came to the house with a handsome open sleigh, well equipped with new robes and cushions, and drawn by a very handsome pair of spirited young horses.

No sooner were the horses fastened in front of the house, and their owner and his master safe within-doors, than Jube, who had lingered near, felt himself wholly unable to resist those promptings of his nature which impelled him, heedless of consequences, to take possession of this charming equipage. Whether Jube made the least effort to resist temptation will never be known. Reasoning from analogy, I should say it was highly probable that his only idea was to carry out his desires as swiftly and secretly as possible.

The visitor made a longer call than he intended, but when he came out no trace was found either of horses or sleigh.

Mr. — suggested that the horses might have been taken to the barn by his own

man. But no, Dick had neither seen nor heard any thing of the missing property.

Inquiry up and down the road proved equally fruitless; no one had seen the sleigh and horses pass, no wagoner or farmer had met such a turnout either going toward or coming from the village. At last it was noticed that the bars to the pasture were down. This would not, in itself, have been a suspicious circumstance, for through these bars lay the road to the wood-lot, and the track was worn in the snow by the heavy wooded, but when it was also announced that Jube was missing, and that some one had heard sleigh-bells "way down in the lot," the heart of Jube's master felt a cold thrill of horror and foreboding. He, with Dick and the owner of the horses, turned into the pasture, which was by no means level ground. It was quite an extensive tract of steep knolls and hollows, at that time of year deep with drifts of snow, interspersed with occasional rocks and stumps, and running back into indefinite woodland, and through this woodland the sled-road ran up-hill and down-dale.

The searching-party had not gone far when they picked up a cushion, then a robe, then another, and then a sudden turn out of the sled-track ran straight up a hill, over stones, logs, and stumps.

Along this track were strewn the broken members of the sleigh—a seat, a shattered side, the dark board shivered to atoms as by a brick. Whatever infernal charioteer had taken possession of the unfortunate horses had—

"Staid not for brake and stopped not for stone."

And now, far on ahead, was heard the jingle of bells, and over the bells a voice of wild rejoicing, laughing, cackling, screaming. Triumphant Dick was the first to gain the summit of the opposing hill, and, reaching it, could only point forward in speechless horror. There, below, along the banks of a little stream, over logs and through the swamp, the two maddened horses were dashing on, wild as the coursers of Apollo; but wholly unlike the dismayed phaeton stood Jube on the *one runner*, literally all that was left of the unfortunate sleigh, himself still quite unharmed, and still with reins in hand, urging on the two crazed colts to wilder speed and more frantic exertions.

Fortunately, the horses were not hurt, or Jube's master would have had the pleasure of paying for them, as he did for the sleigh.

Soon after this transaction Jube conceived, or pretended to conceive, a sudden wish to learn blacksmithing. This laudable ambition his master and mistress gladly encouraged. Not a blacksmith in the neighborhood, however, would receive him for an apprentice, and so Jube was provided with a comfortable outfit, and went with his master to New York. There he was regularly apprenticed to a respectable man, who, it was supposed, would do as well by the boy as it was possible for any one to do with such a pupil. Certain friends engaged to have an eye over Jube's welfare, and his master bade him farewell, promising to come and see him on the next visit to the city.

It was the time when the bitterest warfare was raging between Federalist and Dem-

ocrat. Political animosity was carried to lengths which make the campaigns of to-day seem mere friendly games of chess, and reports were circulated compared to which the newspaper talk of the present is courteous and complimentary. Jube's master had been nominated on the losing side for a certain office. He was not a man to take much pains to conciliate the opponents, either of himself or his party, and came in for rather more than his share of abuse and slander.

Some one noticed that Jube was no longer to be seen about the place. A younger member of the family, questioned, chose to resent the query as a liberty, and gave a very short and highly unsatisfactory answer.

It was at once concluded that, if Jube was not visible above-ground, he must have been hidden below, and some dramatic historian, fitting facts to theory and prejudice with an expertness no way inferior to that of modern literature, circulated a legend to the effect that Jube had been guilty of some uncommon enormity, and that his master, provoked past endurance, had killed him and buried him in the cellar.

"Still they talked, and still the wonder grew."

M—— had not yet come home, and the members of the family did not know how far this absurd story had been carried. There began to be talk of a search-warrant.

Squire H——, then one of the most prominent lawyers in the State, on the morning when his friend was expected home, and when the searching-party was to make its descent, mounted and rode twenty miles as fast as a good horse would carry him, to stand by the family in their expected trouble.

M—— and his anxious friend met at the gate, and in a few moments Jube's master and mistress were made aware of the accusation and the threatened inquiry.

The lady of the house received the news with unexpected calmness.

She invited the two gentlemen to follow her, and led the way into the kitchen. There, before the great fireplace, his face all one grin, sat the identical Jube, devouring bread-and-molasses.

The instant Mr. ——'s back was turned upon him in New York, Jube had run away from the blacksmith, had turned his face westward, and had reached his old home about an hour before his master.

Even the political malice and spite of the time and place could not persist in declaring that such a lovely boy was dead and buried.

What finally became of Jube I am unable to say. He may be a dignified and venerable head-walter in some great hotel, ruling his subordinates with that Roman sternness for which head-walters are distinguished; perhaps he is thrilling some Southern hall of legislation with oratory; perhaps he has finally frisked away from a world which was to him only one huge play-ground.

However it may be, there are a few who still call to mind their old plague and playmate. They have forgotten the acuteness of the torment he inflicted, and, remembering him only as part of the old order of things,

"The light that never was on sea or land" throws a little radiance even over Jube.

II.

PAMELA, the next on my list, must have been one of the last slaves sold in the State.

She was taken on a debt, the debtor happily killing two birds with one stone, and getting rid at once of his obligation and of Pamela.

The heart of the mistress sank within her when Pamela made her first appearance.

Pamela was a large, tall, and very black girl of thirteen or so, and, as the law then stood, would not be entitled to her freedom until eighteen.

There is a legend in the family to this day that Pamela had been cruelly abused by her former owner, and that she was taken from him out of pity. On inquiry, however, I find no certain basis for this tale, though it is probable enough, for she was a young woman who might have tempted the mildest temper to the extremest violence of correction, so intense was her obstinacy, so sublime her stupidity, and so superhuman her invincible laziness.

Jube had wrought destruction among the dishes by balancing them on his head, and setting them on the floor to jump over. If I am not mistaken, there is a tradition that he was found pelting the chickens out of a flower-bed with china plates from the open pantry-window.

Pamela destroyed crockery merely by what chemists call presence-action. She was never trusted to wash the dishes, but it made no difference. The tea-set and dinner-set shrank before her coming, and glasses disappeared like snow-flakes in a thaw.

Her business was to clean the knives and help to rub those brasses which have now happily disappeared from domestic economy.

There were ornamental brass door-handles all over the house, a pair or so of brass and-irons, and a certain Franklin stove, which was defended as to its hearth by a brass-edged fender, and as to its summit by an ornamented brazen railing.

Part of these decorations it was Pamela's business, under direction, to clean with white-key and rotten-stone. There was not a figure on the carpet on which she did not bestow the compound more freely than on the brass; not a door-panel which she did not ornament with a smudge; nor was there a door-handle over which she did not go to sleep, the Fat Boy himself having hardly more genius in that line than Pamela.

But it was on her own wearing-apparel that she bestowed her greatest powers of destruction. No calico was thick enough, no stocking strong enough, no flannel durable enough, to resist Pamela for a week.

As for sewing for herself, a cow could hardly be more ignorant of the use of a needle, nor more difficult to instruct in needle-work, and Pamela's frocks were mostly made and mended by her mistress.

She was put to sew patchwork, and was presently to be found asleep over her basket of neatly-basted pieces, on the stairs in the broad window-seat, under the kitchen-table, or anywhere else where she happened to be most particularly in the way. She went to sleep over the knives, and took a separate nap over each blade.

"It's my belief, missis," said Mose, who in those days held sway, "that, if that girl could die every day and come to life again, she'd do it rather than polish them knives."

The presiding genius of the kitchen at that time was Harriet. Harriet was part Indian, part mulatto, spry as a cat, swift as a lizard, quick of temper, intelligence, and feeling, and loving, with a love that ended only with life, her mistress and the children.

Pamela's stupidity, her obstinate resolution not to do as she was told, her utter untrustworthiness, drove Harriet wild.

Once and again did Harriet, in deference to the heads of the house and her own sense of duty, resolve to have patience with "that girl," and once and again temptation was too strong for her, and the ready word flew from her tongue, and her thin hand cuffed Pamela's ears.

The mistress, thinking that Pamela had but a hard time in the kitchen, tried to keep her as much as possible with herself, and undertook to teach her to read. Pamela went regularly to sleep over her lessons, and, when she had been formally introduced to the same letter in twenty different places, declined to recognize it as an acquaintance in the twenty-first.

She was not of much use about the house, and, as to leaving her with the children, so great was her genius for upsetting furniture, spilling hot coals, tumbling down-stairs, and breaking oil-lamps, that an ordinary elephant would have been a safer nurse.

On one occasion, when she had literally reduced herself to rags, Pamela was furnished with three new dresses. Two of them were of the stoutest homespun procurable in those days, a fabric which it was hardly possible to tear, and the third for Sundays of a pretty old-fashioned material known as bombazette.

Pamela put on dress number one, and stood close by the jamb of the fireplace, and in that position, as usual, went to sleep. There was presently a smell of burning. Pamela's frock had been drawn into the fire, and one whole breadth had been consumed, and the fire extinguished, before Pamela woke up to ask what was the matter, and to express disgust at Harriet for always "go'in' and wakin' of her up."

That very evening Pamela, wearing frock number two, was accidentally left alone a few minutes with the sleeping children in the nursery. By-and-by some one began to suspect fire, and the smoke came pouring down the stairs.

There was a rush to the nursery.

Pamela had not been satisfied to lie on the floor before the fender and enjoy the moderate glow through the wires. She had removed the safeguard, and, as usual, had gone to sleep close by the fire.

Had her dress been cotton, there had been an end, then and there, to this young lady's career of usefulness; but the thick woolen, though it had caught fire in more than one place, had only smouldered and set fire to the carpet and the floor.

The children were crying in terror, but Pamela slept peacefully and woke undisturbed.

The next morning she put on dress number three, the bombazette, knelt down to sweep up the hearth, and, with great ingenuity, gathered her frock under her knees in such a manner that she knelt exactly through the stuff with her whole weight, and split the garment from top to bottom, thus demolishing all three dresses in little more than twenty-four hours.

The house where we lived in those days had the reputation of being haunted. The history of its building was a sad one, its first owner having gone crazy, it was said, from disappointed affection, the lady whom he had expected to bring to the place as a bride breaking her engagement with his broken fortune—a fortune he had seriously impaired by the expense he had bestowed on the house.

I doubt the truth of this story very much, but, at all events, old Aunt Dolly had no sort of doubt that on the front-stairs she had met, face to face, the ghost of her old master.

Under the house there were great cellars, opening one into another, and above a vast garret, and a long passage, where a spectral boy was supposed to walk to and fro of windy nights, opening and shutting doors as he went.

There was a more ghastly tale of a half-tamed wolf, that had one moonlight night broken his chain, and just at the corner of the house had caught and killed a young girl, who had stolen out into the snow to meet her lover.

Whether there was any foundation, in fact, for this legend I cannot say, but it was whispered that sometimes in winter, when a full-moon and a deep snow came together, the sounds of horror that had been heard that night—the howl of the wolf and the shriek of the victim—would be repeated with awful distinctness. All these ghosts, however, showed the family great consideration, never molested us or our belongings, and, though sometimes heard, were never seen. But these legends began to be recalled to mind when that most objectionable visitation known in Germany as the "Poltergeist" appeared in our kitchen.

For the information of our readers who may never have heard of the "Poltergeist," I will mention that he is an invisible spirit, influence, or power, who manifests himself by throwing stones, flinging down crockery, and overturning water-jugs and milk-pans. Stones came crashing through our kitchen-windows in broad daylight, thrown, as it seemed, by no mortal hand, for no one was seen, let those within run out as quickly as they might. The great tin milk-pans, as by their own volition, jumped from the shelf and clattered on the floor; pots of water were overturned on the fire; dishes fell from the table or shelf and were smashed to atoms. Worst of all, however, were the flying stones, which came through the windows at uncertain hours, but generally in the evening twilight. The servants, all colored and all superstitious, were frightened out of their senses, and began to talk of leaving. The members of the family watched in vain to detect the offender. No one was found, nor was there any one to whom suspicion could attach.

The mistress, however, through long ex-

perience, had arrived at some understanding of Pamela's peculiar nature. She noticed that, so long as Pamela was in the nursery, or under her own eye, no stones were thrown, and she began to think that energetic young woman the cause of the whole disturbance. Every one cried out, "Impossible!" Pamela was too entirely stupid to carry on such a system of deception. The mistress, however, knew perfectly well that extreme artfulness in mischief is quite consistent with the lowest order of intellect, and she betook herself to watching Pamela very closely.

Meanwhile, the trouble grew to be serious. To say nothing of the damage done, the matter began to be talked about outside, and to attract more attention to the house than was at all agreeable.

One day, as the mistress stood by the kitchen-window, a stone came crashing through the glass, flew across the room, and broke a dish standing on a dresser.

The girls ran and screamed. The mistress looked out on the instant and saw a blue check skirt disappearing round the corner of the house. She followed this trail swiftly and silently, and presently came upon Pamela, who was, as it seemed, contemplating Nature, unmoved, sleepy, and stolid, as usual.

The mistress reminded Pamela that in her former place she had been whipped, but that such a thing had never overtaken her since she had entered her present home. She was to understand that, if another stone was thrown, another milk-pan danced out of its place—in short, that if there were any further spiritual manifestations whatever, Pamela would certainly make atonement to the powers of the air in her own person.

Pamela loudly protested her innocence, but, with a second warning of the consequences to herself should the ghost resume its pranks, she was left to her reflections.

A synod of archbishops could not more effectually have exorcised an evil spirit.

From that hour, not a stone was thrown, the milk-pans lost their taste for dancing, crockery staid generally on the shelf, and the house was left to the possession of its aboriginal spirits.

Before Pamela arrived at legal age, however, Aunt Dolly took compassion on the much-tried mistress, and a place was found for Pamela with a lady who kept no other servant, who was always in her own kitchen, and who was reported to be something of a "driver."

Whether it was that the seed sown had taken root slowly and sprouted late, whether a process of driving agreed better with Pamela's nature than one of leading, certain it is that Pamela turned out a very fair average woman, by no means deficient in intelligence. In after-years she wished to return to her old home, where it was then impossible to receive her. Her memory remains as a sort of beacon of hope to the mistress, who always thinks that, if Pamela turned out well, no one need despair of the most hopeless specimen of childhood.

III.

A VERY different person was Roxana. Roxana was entirely and completely black,

and might have been general of the King of Dahomey's female army, so grand and majestic was her figure, and so decided her genius for command.

Roxana was from Baltimore, where, according to her own account, she had moved in the height of polite colored society, and when she came to us must have been over thirty.

She was a tall woman, with rather fine features, and as stately as Mrs. Stowe's Candace.

She was a good servant, honest and faithful, and intensely and immensely neat. She carried her tidiness to extremes, which rather exasperated her fellow-servants. Moreover, she assumed over them such airs of superiority and importance that she was by no means popular, and once in about so long, always, of course, at the most inconvenient time, would come an explosion, "with fear of change perplexing" domestic affairs generally.

There were a great many dogs and cats about the place, and some of the said dogs and cats were frequently fed at the table, the head of the house thinking that, even if Puss or Mark were perchance served on a dinner-plate, hot soap-and-water would sufficiently purify the plate for after-use.

Not for one instant, however, would Roxana countenance such proceedings. "Infamous" was, I believe, the word she chose to express her disapprobation. She rummaged out from the remotest corner of the pantry a venerable cup, saucer, plate, and knife. In order that these utensils might be purified from the possible pollution of gone-by generations of dogs and cats, she boiled them in hot lye for the greater part of a summer's day, and setting them aside she reserved them for her own use, always washing them in a separate pan. "Other folks might eat after cats and dogs if they chose; for her part, Roxana counted herself a human creature."

She was always kind, however, both to dogs and cats, over whom she established an absolute sway, to which they cowed with far more submission than to the command of their legitimate owners.

We had at that time a huge bloodhound, called Bugle; a fox-hound, Loud; a great, good-natured Siberian terrier, Mark; and a very large, yellow tomcat, christened Lufra, out of the "Lady of the Lake," and who was supposed to be my property, though he in reality owned me. Lufra was domineered over in his turn by a little rat of a stray kitten, whom he had adopted out of disinterested benevolence, and spoiled and indulged in every possible way.

There was also a certain privileged old yellow hen, who now and then frequented the kitchen, and was on very intimate terms with the cat and the terrier.

All these animals Roxana taught to eat out of the same great pewter platter, one of

the few that had escaped being melted into bullets during the Revolution.

At first Roxana's happy family would quarrel over their meals, but as every dog and cat that showed signs of ill temper were instantly driven from the table, they soon learned to conduct themselves with propriety, and I have little doubt that Roxana would have found means to bring them under control, had they been bears and lions.

Roxana's genius, however, shone most brightly in narration. All her tales were of her own personal experiences, and most wonderful, indeed, had these experiences been.

I do not really suppose that Roxana expected that any one would take the prodigious yarns she spun for threads in the actual web of life. She must have known that they were too wild and wondrous to be received as truth by the most credulous. I think she spoke in the first person solely by way of adding to the dramatic interest of her works.

Roxana was usually most inspired over the ironing-table, and when I was so little that I could sit on the back part of the table without coming in her way, I was wont to listen to Roxana's stories with the same interest I felt in "Robinson Crusoe" or "Ivanhoe."

I did not believe a word; but, though I was very critical at that period, I thought Roxana's genius hardly inferior to that of Sir Walter Scott, though different in its nature and scope.

She most delighted in recalling the grand-sons of certain Smiths of Maryland, in whose palaces she had once been a sojourner.

There was no one in the North or in the South who could at all compare in wealth or distinction with Mr. Smith. There were no young ladies so beautiful or so accomplished as the Misses Smith; no young gentlemen

"So gallant in love, or so dauntless in war,"

as the sons of this same fortunate family. Mr. Smith might have been senator, governor, President of the United States, any number of times, had he cared for these trifling honors; but though the first gentlemen in the country "had gone down on their knees to him," this surprising man had refused all their entreaties that he would condescend to accept a nomination.

"Laws!" Roxana would say, "what did he want of any such thing as that?"

Much disgusted was she when I once asked her, out of sheer mischief, why we never heard of this tremendous magnate in the newspapers.

She informed me with majesty that he was "above the newspapers," and could not be persuaded for some time to resume her narrative.

The residences of the Smiths in town and country were counted by scores, and the magnificence of these dwellings was in no way inferior to that of Aladdin's palace. Their equipages were legion, and the splendors thereof surpassed that of Solomon. The servants of these wondrous Smiths, who "never knew how many people they had,"

lived better than the first families at the North, for, with somewhat questionable taste, Mrs. Smith caused "the very girls that scrubbed the floors" to appear constantly "in white satin and diamonds."

In this gorgeous attire had Roxana herself held sway in the halls of Smith over subordinates "numerous as the drops of rain," all of whom were bound to obey her commands, under pain of displeasure from the great Smith himself. How magnificent of diction, how regardless of expense, was Roxana in describing the wedding of the oldest Miss Smith, between whose ravishing beauty and the appearance of my own elder sister she never failed to draw a comparison, any thing but flattering to the latter young lady. I think, however, that in attiring the bride "all in solid gold," Roxana's imagination was at fault; but, as she had lavished satin and jewels, brocade and diamonds, velvet and pearls, upon the cooks and waiters, she had left herself little margin for the principal actors in the scene.

How Roxana came to leave these gorgeous Smiths I never learned. She used to hint darkly at some prodigious and mysterious event in her life which she might in time be persuaded to unfold, but she never did, and it long remained a subject of pleasing conjecture between S— and myself what could have been that legend which Roxana kept in reserve.

Next to the doings of the Smith family, she delighted in relating the glories of genteel colored society in Baltimore, in which she had, according to her own account, been the leading star.

Innumerable had been Roxana's admirers, endless the distinguished offers which she had refused.

"For her part," she was wont to say, with scorn, "she should never demean herself to marry a man;" and Roxana always laid a contemptuous emphasis on the last word, as though, had some superhuman suitor presented himself, she might possibly have smiled upon his pretensions.

Notwithstanding her persistent determination to live in maiden meditation, Roxana had been the queen of genteel society in her native city, and superb indeed must that society have been.

This circle had passed its whole time in giving and attending magnificent parties, suppers, balls, and dances.

The hall where these entertainments for the most part took place, was one the like of which had never been seen in the North. It was "a mile long." Of this measurement Roxana would never bate an inch—it was "a full mile," and, singular to say, the walls thereof were "papered with blue-silk velvet." The wax-candles and crystal chandeliers exceeded by far the number of stars in the skies, and the usual attire of the company corresponded in splendor with this gorgeous assembly-room.

A terrible tragedy arose from Roxana's attendance at one of these balls.

She went thither "in an open chariot drawn by four white horses." She was attired in "a scarlet-velvet dress, low neck and short sleeves, trimmed with Brussels

* People who think of their household pets only as things, think it correct in speaking of them to say which, and I have even heard of a baby which cried. The school-master which used this expression, and maintained that it was correct, had no babies.

lace." She wore, also, a white-lace veil, and many strings of gold beads on her neck and arms.

The appearance of Roxana in this attire must have been splendid indeed, and perhaps it is no wonder that "ten or twenty" gentlemen—the number was never more definite—rushed at once to hand her from her chariot and into the ballroom, where all the company were waiting for her to open the ball.

Each gentleman of the ten or twenty wished to secure for himself the honor of Roxana's hand, and with less attention to propriety than might have been expected in such elegant society, "they all fell to fighting right there in the street," and Roxana, while the battle went on, was led away by a gentleman not of the original number.

In such high-toned society, the immediate consequences of this affair were "five or ten duels," which took place the very next day, in which "several" of the gentlemen—just how many Roxana never remembered—were "killed dead."

"Were you not sorry for them?" S— would ask.

"Why, law sakes! They'd all have died some time if they hadn't been killed," Roxana would reply, indifferent as a mediæval heroine to the number of knights sacrificed to her charms.

Notwithstanding her contempt of mankind, Roxana nevertheless did presently smile upon a gentleman who began to make his appearance in our kitchen of evenings.

This worthy person, though respectable enough, was by no means so different from the average colored man as you might have been led to expect from Roxana's high ideas and pretensions.

Love made an immense change in Roxana's demeanor. She became unspeakably soft, languishing, and sentimental, to the great amusement and triumph of her fellow-servants, who, mindful of her former haughtiness, laughed equally at her and at her lover.

Roxana, however, no longer carried herself with that high-toned superiority she had been wont to show, and only dissolved in tears, and came weeping to her mistress, who alone she declared was capable of understanding her feelings. She sighed, she languished, she borrowed and read poetry-books, as suitable to the state of her mind, and sang sentimental songs, wherein one or both of the true lovers always died of grief, and was buried under the willow-tree.

Many were the anecdotes of her admirer's deeds and words, with which Roxana entertained S— and myself. But what foundation there was for these tales I cannot say. I never saw him, except in the twilight once or twice, and he and the kitchen were both so dark that he remains in my mind only as an indistinct shadow making a scared bow to S— and to me. Roxana left us to be married, and I do not remember that I ever saw her again. I think I have heard that she went back to Maryland after her marriage, to shine once more in the aristocratic society of that favored land.

CLARA F. GUERNSEY.

CURIOSITIES OF THE ENGLISH COURTS.

I.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

NOTHING can be more justly compared to a drama than the proceedings of courts of justice. The novelist derives thence many of his most thrilling situations. On the mimic stage nothing is more effective than a court-scene. Looked at, indeed, from one point of view, the proceedings of courts are the most real of dramas, with the most real of actors. They present, too, every dramatic phase. There are comedies, tragedies, and farces. Human nature comes out, in suits at law, in all its weaknesses and all its strength. It is forced into dramatic situations by the passions it cannot restrain, its greed of money, its pride, its desire of vengeance, its vindication of reputation—nay, by mere oddities of character. Eccentric people "come out strong" in presence of a jury and an audience; the woes of the unfortunate there make articulate cry; the humors of the wag, superior to misfortune, the obstinacy of opinion, incorrigible greenness, flashes of originality, are perpetually bubbling up in the midst of causes grave as well as trifling.

The English are the most litigious of peoples, and the most marked in their traits; so the London courts are constantly the scenes of melodrama and comedy, as well as of dramas of a deeper shade. In what other country on earth would such a case as that recently held in Bow Street have taken place, in which the dispute was as to a wager whether the globe is round or flat?

He who goes to London should by all means visit the courts. The Queen's Bench, dusty and dark, with its lofty bench and be-wigged and begowned judges and barristers, its air of antiquity, and its dingy draperies, is seldom without histrionic attractions. Scarcely a week passes when there is not, in the not less dingy Court of Common Pleas, a breach-of-promise case, replete with its real episodes of romance, its batches of love-letters once bedewed with tender tears, its re-creations, and merciless exposure of the frailty of love and the perfidy of man. Eccentric millionaires and insane dowagers figure, posthumously, in the Court of Probate; nor were Mr. Pecksniff's many and greedy relatives a whit more quarrelsome and amusing than the characters who figure in the presence of Sir James Hannen. The scenes of the Divorce Court are not unsuggestive sequels to the suits of breach of promise; in both the marriage-bond is the bone of contention; only the bond that the jilted maid seeks to bind, the abused wife seeks to sever. Nor is even the sage and stately Court of Chancery without its humors and its incidents, as "Bleak House" may abundantly testify.

Bow Street is famous for its "scenes." Here, in a narrow, crooked street, whence, erstwhile, Addison made Sir Roger de Coverly date his courtly letters; where Wycherley, the witty and scandalous playwright of

the Restoration, once lived; where is still to be seen the house wherein "Ursa Major" Johnson lodged; where gay-hearted Harry Fielding wrote "Tom Jones" and "Amelia"—here is to be seen a dark and forbidding edifice, at whose door a group of policemen is always standing, which is the scene of perpetual petty tragedies and farces of common life, shedding more light on London humanity than a hundred novels. Bow Street has its noted *habitués*. One of these is no less a personage than the Marquis of Townshend, who, being a nobleman of great riches, the bearer of one of the most patrician names in the peerage, devotes his days to championing the defenseless and unfortunate. He is a familiar figure in Bow Street and all the metropolitan courts, where he is heard making piteous appeals for some desolate old man or forlorn young girl who had drifted into the cruel clutches of the law. Miss Stride, a good woman, is another frequenter of Bow Street. She has a quiet home in Bloomsbury, where she shelters poor young girls who have been led astray, but are not irreclaimable, having, by her gentle intercession, snatched them from the harsh consequences of their misdeeds. Other characters, more eccentric and less benevolent, hover about Bow Street. The fascinations of the court-room sometimes prove too much for the wretched creatures who have sat in its dock, and who, having served out their terms, spend the rest of their idle days in watching the fortunes of their successors, irresistibly drawn thither, as poor little Miss Flite was to the grand and gloomy Court of Chancery.

It will be interesting to cull here and there a few of the "romances of real life" which, as truth is not only stranger but more attractive than fiction, illustrate the oddities, humors, and peculiarities of British character.

The passion of love, as it exhibits itself in trials of breach of promise, is partly revengeful and partly financial. Its commercial aspect is one which the daughters of the "shopkeeping nation" are very prone to adopt. Woman's rights, as vindicated by the law in the matter of withered hopes and broken hearts, are asserted with true British pluck; and it is rarely that intelligent juries, who represent a country in which "property" is sacred, do not prove susceptible to the wrongs of injured and jilted feminine innocence, virtue, and too credulous trust in the false vows of man. Each year brings to exposure a certain number of faithless swains, who, having made melancholy mischief with tender hearts, are brought to task in presence of their country by the forsaken fair. Sometimes (as we shall see) the parts of the *dramatis personæ* are inverted, when some youth, "sickled o'er with the pale east of thought," sues the ruthless flirt who has made a shuttlecock of his affections in such round sums as he estimates the paternal purse able to bear.

"An indolent arm around a darling waist" costs from fifty pounds to five thousand, according to the wealth of the gentleman to whom the arm belongs.

We purpose giving, rather, some of the amusing features of the English courts than those which are pathetic or tragic; some of

the queer exhibitions of character, sudden dialogues, and ardent literature, which the cases of which we speak now and anon call forth.

Here, for instance, is a peculiarly gushing young gentleman, a sort of George Barnwell, for, while humbling himself to be a grocer's assistant, his thoughts are ever soaring in the upper air, and breaking forth into unrhymed poesy. Mr. Patt has fallen in love with the fair dress-maker opposite; and thus he addresses his lady-love:

"DEAR NELLY: May the pillow of peace kiss thy cheek, and the pleasure of imagination attend thy dreams! Oh, how I long for your company, and to hear your own dear, sweet voice! I can't write more, because I have to serve other members of society" (meaning, as the counsel who is reading the letter observes, the grocer's shop).

Again he writes:

"To the one I love, the one I live for, the one I would die for, if required.

"Your affectionate JOHN."

Yet again:

"MY OWN DARLING: Do not think that you will tire me in writing. If you were to get a big box of pens, ten dozen bottles of ink, and a thousand quires of paper, you would not write to me more than I should be delighted to read."

The last of his letters is the most gushing of all. He says:

"I sink happily to rest, because to-morrow is Wednesday, and to-morrow will bring you. Sleep on, fair lady, and dream those dreams of universal happiness—no, they are not universal: they are but like the Sabbath, that too quickly passes away."

And, after all this, the perfidious youth went off, and, with a cold eye to business, married the grocer's daughter.

One morning, a bright-looking damsel, of nineteen, tripped into the dingy Court of Common Pleas, well dressed and jaunty, and took her place at the plaintiff's table. At the same time, a spruce young clergyman might have been seen eying her from the opposite side of the court. Presently the case of "*Cate versus Bolter*" was called, and the Sergeant Buzfuz of the occasion rose to tell the tale of jilted love. The plaintiff, he explained, was a young lady of expectations, the daughter of a respectable accountant of Chancery Lane. The defendant, he was sorry to say, was a clergyman, of the Baptist connection. They had met at the house of a friend, and an attachment had sprung up. He proposed, and she blushing accepted. (Plaintiff agitated.) Soon after, he was called to a chapel in a sea-side town. And now came a series of heartless proceedings, which counsel could not too severely characterize. He came up to London, and, instead of hurrying to the arms of his lady-love, he amused himself at "Christy's Minstrels." It was not long before his letters assumed a tone calculated to arouse the fair one's jealousy. He exhibited himself in the light of a heartless flirt. Writing of his new

situation, he went on to describe a tea-drinking at which he had been present at one of his deacon's:

"He has a daughter," so ran the letter, "twenty-five years of age, agreeable, lady-like, and good; but she is nearly always ill. I took a walk on the beach, when I saw, not only the sea, but the *crème de la crème* of S— society—beautiful girls, with noble features. Such charming creatures, with eyes shining like stars at midnight! I am going to take tea with a very important personage, whose wife is the belle of the place."

Sergeant B—: "A chapel bell?" (Laughter.)

Mr. C—: "But he could not ring it, because she was married."

Another letter read as follows:

"The widow is a charming creature, young, rich, and good. She is very often in my study." (l)

Again, he spoke his admiration of the ladies' "pretty little feet."

The defendant, being called, glided lightly to the stand. He averred that the young lady herself had expressed a desire that the engagement should be broken off. The allusion to ladies in his letters was a joke. The widow was his landlady, and she simply came into his study to ask what he would have for dinner.

"I was once before," said defendant, "engaged to a young lady conditionally. My remark about the widow was hyperbole."

The jury thought that eighty pounds was sufficient balm for the wounded heart, and this the reverend jilt was forced to pay.

That great events often follow from diminutive causes is once more shown by a breach of promise tried in the Common Pleas about a year ago. Young Edwin Crandon, smitten, it would appear, as much with the literary talents as with the personal charms of Miss Fanny Dock, wooed and won her heart. Among his effusions, this letter was read in court:

"MY OWN DEAREST FANNY: I received your delightful letter this morning, which I considered a perfect masterpiece of composition and erudition. Although it was short, it was crammed full of sublime thoughts, and poetical effusions, that seemed to me to be just beginning to come forth from your carefully-matured mind. I would sensibly advise you to cultivate your poetical talents, and not let them lay dormant, as you have done for so many years past."

An unlucky accident disturbed the current of this admiring love. Edwin heard with chagrin that Fanny had lost her engagement-ring. Telling her that he regarded it as a bad omen, he left her presence in a rage; and, on the following day, wrote her that, "considering the very strong feeling that was exhibited last evening, I feel that any lengthened engagement from this moment between you and me, with a view to marriage, is entirely out of the question."

The fair Fanny, being called into the witness-box, told the story of their love and quarrel with dramatic vividness.

She was twenty-eight, she said, and the faithless Edwin twenty-five. Soon after their first meeting, at the house of a "mutual friend," he had written, asking to be permitted to call her "my own." She answered discreetly, that she would consider it. After that, he had visited her at her mother's, and introduced her to his family. She never wrote poetry to the defendant.

Mr. Justice Brett: "You talked to him, and he called it poetical?"

"I suppose so."

On a certain Sunday he called at her mother's about half-past three. He appeared very cool. She offered him some oranges; but he said, very roughly:

"No."

He sat down, and she took a chair beside him. He said:

"You have cut your hair" (a small piece of hair upon the lip); "what did you do it for?"

She said she was ashamed of it; but nobody would see it but him.

He further said: "I will tell all the friends I see of it."

She said, "You won't if it mortifies me, will you?"

He said: "Yes; and they will laugh at you."

She said, "Then I won't go with you to see them."

He said, "Yes, you shall, if I tell you."

He flung his chair aside, and went and sat upon the sofa. She sat by his side, and he turned his back upon her. He soon pushed his chair aside, and left the room in an ill-temper. After a while she went to chapel. Soon after her return he knocked at the door, and she let him in.

"Well, runaway," said he, "where have you been? I shall not enter this house unless you apologize."

She made no reply, but went into the breakfast-parlor. He followed, and upon the threshold said:

"Are you going to apologize? Where have you been?"

She said: "You did not seem to wish my company; I was unhappy, and thought it best to go to chapel."

He repeated, "Will you apologize?"

And she said, "No."

Catching hold of her, he said, "I will make you apologize."

She began to eat supper; but he said:

"I shall not have any supper; give me some beer;" and he had some.

She took out the ear-rings he had given her, and said: "Take these; perhaps they will do for some other girl."

She was going to take her locket off for the same purpose, when he said:

"Give me my letters."

Then she saw through him, and said:

"You shall not have any thing!"

He walked up and down the room, and threw the chairs about.

She said: "You are clever; but, clever as you are, I see through you."

He said: "Are you going to apologize? I'll never enter this house again, unless you apologize."

She replied: "I have nothing to apologize for; it is you that ought to apologize."

He ran up-stairs, slammed the door, went away, and never returned.

The jury mulcted the petulant Edwin in two hundred pounds; and "The verdict is right," said his lordship.

Very recently a case of breach of promise was heard in the Court of Common Pleas, tinged with more than usual coloring of dramatic incident. It may be called the "Star-Cross Romance;" and the following is the true and unvarnished tale of the disastrous loves of Captain Wynneburg Wyndham and Miss Agnes Vine:

Star Cross is a peaceful and pretty village in one of those gentle Devon dales of which poets have often sung. It lies midway between historic and cliff-bound Torquay, where William of Orange landed to achieve the bloodless conquest of a crown, and which is now the resort of gentry and dropsical patricians in search of health, and the picturesque old city of Exeter. This was the scene of the Star-Cross Romance.

On a certain autumn day, a comely young man, of neat-cut apparel and military aspect, arrived on this tranquil scene, and alighted at the village inn. Like Burr at Blennerhasset's Island, Captain Wynneburg Wyndham arrived at Star Cross in the character of a blessing. Little did the primitive inhabitants imagine that in him they were welcoming a destroyer of domestic peace and feminine affections.

The captain, dashing and elegant, was regarded with favor, especially by the maidens of Star Cross. His manners were patrician; his name was more than unexceptionable. Why he came, people asked not. It was enough that Star Cross was honored by the presence of so winning a gentleman.

It happened that, imbosomed amid clusters of oak and chestnut, just aside from the village, there stood a cozy country-house called "Devon Lodge." It was inhabited by a gentleman who added to the dignity of a squire that of a justice of the peace. Mr. Hart, its occupant, was hospitable, the model fine English country-gentleman. He liked good society, and availed himself of every stray personage of quality who chanced to drift in the direction of Devon Lodge. It was not long before he was attracted by the imposing presence and engaging manners of Captain Wynneburg Wyndham. To scrape acquaintance with him was the easiest of tasks, for the captain was, happily, the most accessible of mortals. The captain speedily became a frequent and welcome *habitué* of Devon Lodge. He would saunter in on bright autumn mornings, with his military air and enticing smiles. He was ready for any pastime, from boating on the Exe to moonlight drives along the Torquay beaches.

The reader has already guessed that it was at Devon Lodge that the gallant captain found his fate. It was in the person of the sister-in-law of his hospitable host. To be sure, Miss Agnes Vine had passed the heyday of her youth and beauty. She was fair still, though not fat, and was fast nearing the alliterative limit of forty. But love takes no

cognizance of registers of birth, and keeps no calendar. Agnes and Wynneburg became friends; the captain's winning ways soon made an impression on a heart long a stranger to such emotions; the touching trust of Agnes softened his own. Then came the sweet season of flowering love. These were halcyon days and evenings, never to be forgotten. The devoted hearts sped over the river in boats, and fished together in the tranquil waters. They went sketching on the chalk-cliffs; they listened side by side to the soothing murmurs of the sea; they took charming drives to Exeter; they sang duets—the captain was an exquisite tenor—at little musical "evenings," got up by the sisterly forethought of Mrs. Hart.

Presently came the blithe spring-time: the cuckoo shrieked in the fair vales of Devon; the lambs frisked about in the meadows; the sea laughed merrily, and tossed its spray lightsofly in the sunlight. It was in this season that the captain surrendered. As Mr. Pickwick aptly puts it, Agnes "murmured in his ear a bashful acceptance." All seemed bright and fair before the happy ones.

But a cloud soon brooded. The captain, having presented Agnes with his heart, opened it to her without reserve. He was very frank—he was very penitent; but the truth was—he was in difficulties. Life was not as rose-colored with him as it seemed.

It was true that he belonged to an ancient and wealthy family, nor had his past life been an unromantic one. He had been the captain of a Bombay ship, and had been shipwrecked on a desert island. He owned a château and park somewhere in the depths of Brittany. When his mother died, he would be entitled to a matter of sixteen thousand pounds. But he was cursed by an unnatural father. That inexorable parent actually disputed his legitimacy, and refused to deliver up the Breton château; and the captain's funds were consequently at a miserably low ebb.

This story, which appealed to the sympathies of the tender-hearted Agnes, aroused the suspicions of her more practical and judicial brother-in-law. The worthy squire set on foot some inquiries, and, after an absence of several days, appeared at the breakfast-table one morning with the startling intelligence that the captain's statement was a clever fiction from beginning to end.

Even his name was the product of the captain's lively imagination. It was not Wynneburg Wyndham, but St. John Stukeley Simpson. The castle in Brittany was a castle in the air. The sixteen thousand pounds had no existence. He had, it appeared, been a private in the army, but had deserted; and his resort to Star Cross was to conceal himself from capture therefor.

The brother-in-law waxed stern and obdurate. The captain was warned not to darken the lodge threshold again. But the heart of Agnes was lenient. She still pined for her captain. She forgave him amid a flood of tears. Stolen meetings, the sweeter for being stolen, ensued. Three times the betrothal was broken, to be three times re-linked.

Now occurs a startling episode. As the

captain is basking, one morning, in the sunlight of Star Cross, a *posse* of soldiers seize him, and he is whisked off to jail, to be speedily tried for desertion by court-martial, and sentenced to prison for three months.

Set free at last, he comes forth sadly, with cropped head. He hurries to a trysting-place and clasps his beloved to his heart. But now the destroyer shows his true colors.

Agnes had agreed to meet him at a certain sequestered spot, not far from the lodge. Accompanied by her sister, she repaired thither at the appointed time. Instead, however, of the captain, there came ominously a messenger, with a letter. On tearing it open, the devoted Agnes learned the whole horrible truth. The letter was addressed to her sister, and thus wrote the double-dyed deceiver:

"It is best for all that this wretched engagement should cease. I feel myself to blame for not having told you of my deadened feelings toward Agnes. Is not any thing now better, far better, than to consign her to a life of misery? Would she have been happy in knowing that she had been married as an act of justice?"

But note well the sequel. It was on the 17th of August that the perfidious Simpson indited these cruel words. Three days after, on the 20th, he led another lady to the altar. Even this did not induce the long-suffering Agnes to swoop to her revenge. The letters were returned, and she might perhaps have outworn the scars of love, had she not "received further provocation."

What this was remains a mystery; but it stirred the pugnacity of her British blood, and she brought an action.

The boat-rides and sketching on the cliffs, the musical parties, and the stolen kisses, cost Mr. St. John Simpson a matter of five hundred pounds; and in this sum the injured Agnes received, it is to be hoped, a balm for her wounds.

LES YEUX GRIS.

HOW, then, would I have you?

Darling, even so:

Not the smallest difference

From the girl I know!

But in chiefest verity

This indeed I say:

Best of all I love you

For your eyes' deep gray:

Car les yeux noirs vont au Purgatoire;

Mais les yeux gris vont au Paradis."

In the world around me,

Eyes there are galore—

Black eyes, blue eyes, brown eyes—

I can count a score;

Would I give you gray eyes

For the brightest there,

Blue eyes, brown eyes, black eyes,

Howsoever dear!

Nay! "Les yeux noirs vont au Purgatoire;

Mais les yeux gris vont au Paradis."

Look upon me, darling;

Let your true eyes see

All the good and evil

Fate has joined in me;

Nothing of the evil,

Pray I, come you near;
Only dear bright angels
Guard you everywhere!
"Car les yeux noirs vont au Purgatoire;
Mais les yeux gris vont au Paradis."

So in perfect quiet,
So in purest peace,
May your days pass, darling,
Till the earth-days cease;
Till the white lids shut fast,
And those blessed eyes
Pass from Life's dim twilight
To God's Paradise.
"Car les yeux noirs vont au Purgatoire;
Mais les yeux gris vont au Paradis."

BARTON GREY.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A CONTEMPORARY, echoing the current charges of extravagance among the American people, compares us with the thrifty Frenchmen. In France, we are told, "the class of artisans and small farmers are the richest in the world. France always has money, even for her wars; and the reason is the frugality and prudence of Frenchmen in moderate circumstances." Now, the real reason why France had money for her war debt we have pointed out before. It is because the French working-class have distrusted banks of all kinds, and hoard their savings, whereas with us the entire savings of the people are loaned to banks or other institutions. Being always loaned, they cannot be employed in emergencies like that recently occurring in France, and, if withdrawn from the banks in response to governmental demand, would very seriously disturb the entire financial and industrial interests of the country. The savings-banks of the city of New York alone hold one hundred and ninety-five million dollars, which gives an average of accumulated reserve of one hundred and ninety-five dollars for every man, woman, and child in the community. We are yet to see statistics that will show a better average of savings among the French or any other people. Not only the savings-banks but the life-insurance companies absorb an immense aggregate of the people's savings, which in France seek no such investment. We do not know the aggregate assets of the Life companies, but they must be immense, as those of two companies alone are nearly one hundred millions. These assets are very largely composed of savings, of sums paid in by people frugally providing for their families, or, as in endowment cases, for old age. In fact, no country in the world has an exhibit like ours of so many institutions organized for frugal purposes, and as a means of accumulating something for the future. The Frenchman will trust nothing but his old stocking or china teapot, in which his slowly-accumulated savings are hidden; whereas the American is eager to put his savings

where they will draw interest. Not only the funds of savings-banks and life-insurance companies are swollen by his contributions, but government bonds, railroad bonds, fire-insurance stock, all represent in part the savings of the people. We shall not know whether the "artisans and small farmers" of France are richer than those of America until we have an accurate analysis of all the funds we have enumerated, with a corresponding exhibit of the accumulations of the same class in France. The prompt payment of the French war debt is a misleading fact, as we have repeatedly explained before.

BUT that there is a good deal of extravagance among a certain set in America is not to be denied. The mistake commonly made in commenting upon this fact is in exaggerating the number of those who are amenable to the charge, and in not perceiving that they form a distinct class. With us, fortune shifts from hand to hand with striking celerity. Incomes are not so fixed, and profits are not so steady, as in countries abroad. There is continually a large number of people coming rapidly into fortunes or increased incomes; and there is a larger proportion of people than elsewhere engaged in speculative pursuits. The result is, that we have a large, reckless, and extravagant class, one that is more numerous and more conspicuous than elsewhere; and it is mainly the sins of this class that the whole people are so persistently held responsible for by foreign critics, and critics who take their cue from abroad. It is this class who flock to Europe, and by their reckless expenditure amaze, and by their vulgar conduct disgust, all rational people; it is this class that give to our hotels and watering-places their ostentatious display; but, redundant as they may be in America, they are yet not exponents of the tastes or of the habits of the great body of the people. If the small farmer in America lives in better style and spends far more money than his French prototype, it is not to be assumed that he is less frugal. His tastes, his intelligence, his culture, are higher, and his means are more ample. It is, of course, not how much he expends, but what proportion of his income is saved, that determines whether a man is frugal or extravagant. And when a writer indulges in wholesale censure about the national vice of extravagance, let him extend his regards beyond the boundaries of the cities, or aside from the currents of fashion, and see whether, in the laborious and saving rural population, or with the hard-pressed artisans, there is not very generally intelligent industry accompanied with self-denial, wise forethought, and adaptation of expenditure to earnings. If this is not the case, the country is doomed. No nation can long exist unless prudence and industry prevail among the great mass of the people.

THERE is at least one "intelligent" Englishman who, giving judgment by ripe experience and after mature deliberation, is convinced that, on the whole, this country is not "going to the dogs." That Mr. George Dawson should say this, after having visited Washington, and found himself surrounded by vistas of illimitable corruption, is certainly creditable to his sagacity and penetration. He has the courage to tell his countrymen, moreover, that the better class of Americans are quite as refined as the frequenters of London drawing-rooms and the supposedly well-bred loungers of the Pall-Mall clubs; while, as for what he designates as the lower class of natives, they are infinitely less ignorant, boorish, and brutal, than the lower classes of the English. This testimony is the more valuable as Mr. George Dawson, who came hither as a lecturer, did not meet with the encouragement and success which he had hoped for in crossing the Atlantic. As to official corruption in America, he had the acute vision to see that it is not wholly irredeemable; nor was he blind to the evidences that this undoubtedly serious contagion is even now in a fair way of being checked by that most efficacious, if willing, of political physicians, popular action. He reminds Englishmen that America has not yet reached that climax of barefaced corruption which England had reached when Henry Fox, a minister of the crown, opened a shop in the Treasury for the purchase of the votes of members of Parliament to aid in carrying a treaty of peace with France; nor does he fail to remark how free, compared with the practice still prevailing in England, our elections are from the bribery of voters. Mr. Dawson is able to assure his countrymen that they may safely walk down Broadway, at least in the daytime, without being armed to the teeth; and he did find some "good-natured crowds" here outside of his lecture-halls. On the whole, he is disposed to regard the United States as quite a habitable place, where an educated gentleman may find congenial companionship, and need have little fear of falling into personal dangers in proceeding by the ordinary modes of travel. The exhibition of good sense in Mr. Dawson's criticism of us ought surely to insure him better audiences and a more respectful attention when he comes again; and his address at home shows that much good may arise from the fashion which has grown up whereby Englishmen come lecturing to us.

A SLIP of grammar in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* has revived the discussion as to the necessity of a new personal pronoun singular that will do for either sex. The *Atlantic* permitted itself to say: "We would rather set a boy or girl upon some one poet nearest akin to their mental aptitude." Now, this peculiar blunder is very frequent. If only occasionally found in the

best writings, it is because the proof-reader interposes his correction before the sentence reaches the public, for every editor knows how often even careful writers make the mistake; while in the ordinary utterances of the day it is as common as air. It may be noted in the printed regulations of almost every car and steamboat, and is ubiquitous in advertisements and announcements—as, for instance: "Every passenger must pay *their* fare on entering the car," etc. To avoid this blunder, either an awkward circumlocution must be made, such as, "Every passenger must pay his or her fare," etc., or else one of the sexes must be boldly ignored. It is true that the pronoun of the masculine gender may be used in these cases as representative of the entire human family, but the instincts of justice are stronger than those of grammar, and hence the average man would rather commit a solecism than ungallantly "squelch the women in this jaunty fashion," as a contemporary forcibly puts it. Certain writers assert very decidedly that no pronouns are needed beyond those we already possess, but this is simply dogmatic opinion unsupported by the facts. No matter what pedants may say in the matter, every man of dispassionate judgment must see that if nearly all the writers in the country, learned and unlearned, are continually betrayed into a definite error of grammar, and an error which can be avoided in many instances only by either a clumsy circumlocution or a half statement, there *does* exist a radical defect in the language to cause it. It will be said that English-speaking peoples have managed to get along a good many centuries with the present supply of pronouns, and this argument sounds, no doubt, very conclusive to some people. It is so old and venerable an argument that perhaps it ought to receive a little respect; its equivalent was used when gas, railways, and steamboats were proposed; and it has attempted to bar the way to every improvement in our civilization.

We have another singular mania spreading through the country, which, while quite harmless, is yet significant of our national proneness to grotesque exhibitions. That the whole country should have gone off into a tremendous excitement about the accomplishment of spelling, is certainly queer enough. We have said that the epidemic is harmless, and yet, if it prove to be the means of increasing or perpetuating the use of spelling-books in schools, it is not entirely so. That the spelling and defining of words should not be, as they are in the text-books commonly used, an exclusive act of memorizing, has been recognized by more than one observer. The right way of learning words is in connection with sentences in which some fact or thought is expressed. By this method there is an association of

ideas with the words that tends to permanently fix their form and meaning in the memory. The memorizing of a column of words, on the other hand, is purely an arbitrary method, and no memory could by this means alone long retain what it had acquired. That we do remember words tolerably well is due to our familiarity with them in literature. The spelling-book rarely lends any real aid to the learner; in the manner used it taxes his time and energies wastefully and unscientifically. The child who is taught the construction and meaning of the words in his reading-lesson, where each is associated with certain ideas and facts, will be apt to remember his lesson; but the same words in a formidable column, each term disconnected from every other, and probably wholly without significance to the young pupil, is a lesson that the forced memory may for the moment master, but is sure to very speedily forget.

THE problem concerning the punishment of criminals is likely to be a problem as long as there are any criminals to punish—until that blessed time of which we are so often told, when the world, purified, shall be sinless. The course of penal policy has had its ebbs and flows throughout all history. On the whole, however, we recognize, within the past seventy years, a very marked change in the direction of leniency in England and this country; and now we have able and earnest men clamoring for the utter abolition of what seems to be regarded as the severest of punishments—death. This penalty is at last confined, in most States, to the deliberate murderer. Seventy years ago a man or woman was hanged in England for stealing any thing of greater value than sixpence. Forgery and burglary were punishable by death; and among the most frequently applied penalties was that of flogging. All this was changed, mainly through the efforts of good Sir Samuel Romilly, who, however, by a singular inconsistency of ideas, persisted to the last in the opinion that a prisoner should not be allowed to be heard by counsel. "Innocence," he said, "is the best possible defense." There is, just now, a reaction in regard to the severity of punishments among our transatlantic cousins. A loud demand has arisen for the restoration of flogging for certain crimes. For several years cases of wife and child beating have become startlingly common in England—cases the brutality of which cannot be exaggerated. Garroting, too, a peculiarly cowardly and contemptible crime, has at times rendered London unsafe in its most central quarters. Mr. John Bright, who, in the dearth of that "sensational legislation" in which he is so well fitted to shine, is amusing himself with writing letters to all sorts of people, on all sorts of subjects, has just delivered himself in opposition to flogging. He is not sure that an ill-treated wife would wish her

husband to be flogged, and he thinks that, if he were, her "last state would be worse than the first." These can hardly be regarded as very sound arguments. Were wives always to be allowed to choose punishments for criminal husbands, justice would rarely be exactly done. It is less for the sake of the wife than for that of society that the wife-beater is brought to retribution. Besides, the punishment is intended to be preventive rather than retributive; and we very much doubt whether a well-flogged wife-beater would often care to repeat the crime in view of the testimony of his back. Whether flogging should be restored in this age is not very easy to determine; but, on the principle that death should be dealt out to him that deals death, it is logical that he who flogs would be served right were he to get a flogging.

THAT there should be two John Hampdens, two centuries apart, both of whom have been subjected to martyrdom for opinion's sake, is a strange coincidence indeed. But there is one slight difference between the John Hampden of 1640 and him of 1875. The gallant colonel of Cromwell's army was somewhat in advance of his age; while his well-to-do but eccentric namesake of the Victorian era is at least three hundred years behind the times. The living John Hampden, in short, has just been cast into a vulgar modern prison for exactly the opposite reason from that which prompted Galileo's incarceration, at just about the period when the earlier Hampden was beginning to make a stir in the world. Galileo was persecuted for declaring that the earth is round; John Hampden the second is persecuted for as stoutly maintaining that the world is flat. So convinced of this is he, that he recently made a wager of £500, with a man of science, that no perceptible curvature in the surface of six miles of water could be demonstrated. An umpire was chosen, and the observations were made. It may not be necessary to say that the curvature was found, the umpire satisfied, and Mr. John Hampden relieved of his pounds sterling. The modern Ptolemy, however, could not rest content under his discomfiture. He began to shower pamphlets and letters upon his luckless adversary and the narrow-minded umpire; and the result was, that he speedily found himself brought up short in court on a criminal charge of libel. Four times he was subjected to indictments. The first and second times he got off with graceful apologies. The third time he was sentenced to two years, but the sentence was remitted on his giving bonds for good behavior. The fourth time he has finally been cast into prison for a year. If such is the pertinacity with which absurdities can be argued to the point of self-sacrifice, what ought not human energy to do, when encountering perils in causes that are true and just?

THERE is something very amusing in the way that the London *Telegraph* contrasts the condition of Irishmen at home and in America. To believe its picture, one would think Erin one of the "Delectable Islands," and the United States a slough of Hibernian despondency. Englishmen are gravely told that "Paddy loses all his innate gayety and rollicking fun when he has been a few months in the United States." There really seems to be no irony lurking beneath the assertion that "they merely encamp upon a continent which to them is uncongenial;" and that St. Patrick's-Day processions here "are utterly devoid of the reckless jollity and light-heartedness which characterized them and their fathers in Tipperary or Cork." The ghost of a long-dead Know-Nothingism is summoned by this journal, whose tone toward Ireland has long been an alternation of abuse and of blarney worthy of a son of Erin himself, to scare away the emigrants from flocking hither; and the return home of an unusual number of Irishmen this year throws the *Telegraph* into ecstasies of delight. We do not quite see why, for the Americanized Irishman, as painted in the glowing colors which the *Telegraph* alone knows how to lay on, is a joyless rough, with his pockets full of pistols and bowie-knives, and his heart brimming with treason, tinctured with a secret thirst to assassinate somebody.

Literary.

THE translation of the recent work on Heredity,* by Professor Th. Ribot, the well-known psychologist, places in the hands of English readers one of the most exhaustive, if not one of the most conclusive, treatises on the subject that it is possible to prepare in the present state of psychological and physiological science. As a summary alone of the facts and arguments thus far brought forward in the long study of its absorbing and vitally important topic, the book would be most invaluable to the student; supplemented by the original researches and arguments of Professor Ribot, its worth is greatly enhanced.

Only the special student is competent to review a work of such thoroughness and importance with any pretension to scientific accuracy; but the most general reader, with a keen interest in a problem which concerns the very foundations of life, will be able to weigh intelligently, and with a great deal of satisfaction, the arguments and conclusions of a book so simply and carefully written, so free from technicalities, and so evidently conscious of the real points on which every thoughtful man looks for information.

In the first place, the arrangement of the book is capital. Professor Ribot divides it into

four great divisions, viz., the Facts, the Laws, the Causes, and the Consequences of Heredity.

In the first of these he adduces all that may be considered as positively authentic data to go upon in the investigation of hereditary phenomena. Quoting Buffon—"rassemblement des faits pour nous donner des idées"—he begins his collection and statement of the phenomena actually existing before our eyes, many of them so plain that he who runs may read some kind of partial theory from their teaching. The titles under which he considers them indicate the most convenient groups into which they may be collected, and are these: Heredity of Instincts, Heredity of the Sensorial Qualities, of the Memory, of the Imagination, of the Intellect, of the Sentiments and the Passions, of the Will—Heredity and National Character, and Morbid Psychological Heredity.

In the second section (Laws) he first considers the general question, "Are there Laws of Heredity?" and, having decided it in the affirmative (after treating of the objections urged against it), he takes up what he considers to be the principal laws that are supported by a sufficient array of facts to be called established. In a subsequent part of this section the exceptions to these laws are taken up.

The third section (Causes) will be found by many readers the most deeply interesting of the book. There will be readers enough ready to concede to Professor Ribot most of his facts and many of his laws, to say nothing of the greater part of the consequences he deduces; but when he comes, in the first subdivision of this third section, to the great problem of the "General Relations between the Physical and the Moral," he enters upon different ground, where his theories become of an even deeper interest than the facts he has discussed before. We shall return to this, only going on that we may not leave our sketch of the general arrangement incomplete. "General Relations between the Physical and the Moral" we have already given as the title of the first subdivision of this department of the discussion; the remainder of it is occupied with the relations between Psychological and Physiological Heredity.

The fourth section (Consequences) takes up, first of all, the relations of Heredity to the hypothesis of Evolution. "Can Heredity become a means of Selection by accumulating Slight Differences?" is the first question Professor Ribot asks here, and brings to bear upon it facts from the study of consanguineous marriages, marriages of different races, etc. Then he considers in turn the psychological, the moral, and the social consequences of Heredity; and finally concludes with a brief and concise summary.

So much for Professor Ribot's arrangement of his subject and his argument; but our view of his book would be very incomplete if we failed to give an idea of the excellent points of his style—the distinctness and comprehensibility of his statements, and his clear-cut, accurate definitions, as well as that rare faculty of making the reader share his scientific interest in his problems, which constitutes the true faculty of interpretation between pure science and the public. We per-

mit ourselves a few quotations—beginning with the definition of the subject:

"Heredity is that biological law by which all beings endowed with life tend to repeat themselves in their descendants: it is for the species what personal identity is for the individual. By it a groundwork remains unchanged amid incessant variation; by it Nature ever copies and imitates herself. Ideally considered, heredity would simply be the reproduction of like by like. But this conception is purely theoretical, for the phenomena of life do not lend themselves to such mathematical precision; the conditions of their occurrence grow more and more complex in proportion as we ascend from the vegetable world to the higher animals, and thence to man."

Professor Ribot's discussion of the meaning of "Instinct" is valuable, if for no other reason, because, as he himself says, no satisfactory definition of it has as yet been found; and we give the extract because it has attracted our attention as a good contribution to this topic, though only incidental to the main discussion of the book:

"When we speak of instinct, our first difficulty is to define the term. Not to enumerate here all the various significations of the word as used in ordinary language, it is employed in at least three different senses even by naturalists and philosophers, whose language has to be more precise than that of other people. Sometimes instinct is intended to signify the automatic, almost mechanical, and probably unconscious, action of animals, in pursuance of an object determined by their organization and specific characters. Again, instinct is made synonymous with desire, inclination, propensity; as when we speak of good or evil instincts, a thievish or murderous instinct. Finally, we sometimes comprise under the term instinct all the psychological phenomena occurring in animals, and all forms of mental activity inferior to those of man. This latter signification of the word is plainly the result of our unwillingness to attribute intellect to brutes; and thus, contrary to all reason, we confound with blind and unconscious impulses the conscious acts which every animal performs under the guidance of its individual experience, and which, consequently, are analogous to those which, in our own case, we call intelligent or intellectual acts.

"Although, in our opinion, instinct and intelligence are one and the same, as we will try hereafter to show, and though the difference between them is one not of kind, but only of degree, still we will employ the word instinct here in its first signification only, which alone we hold to be exact and in conformity with etymology. We must, for the sake of greater precision, begin with a good definition of this term; but, unfortunately, no such definition has yet been found. Still we may, with a contemporary German philosopher, define instinct to be 'an act conformed to an end, but without consciousness of that end;' or we may say, with Darwin, that 'an action which we ourselves should require experience to enable us to perform, when performed by an animal, more especially by a very young one, without any experience, and when performed by many individuals in the same way, without their knowing for what purpose it is performed, is usually said to be instinctive.'"

But we promised especially to return to Professor Ribot's discussion of the relations between the Physical and the Moral; and here, as we can give but one extract, we se-

* Heredity: A Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes, and Consequences. From the French of Th. Ribot, author of "Contemporary English Psychology." New York: D. Appleton & Co.

lect that one which will show the method in which the author approaches the whole subject—the spirit of this method being sufficiently indicated by a passage from Schopenhauer, which he prefixes to this portion of his book.* Here is the extract, and with it we must commend the book to thoughtful readers everywhere:

"For us, who desire as far as possible to adhere to facts, it is clear that we can examine the general relations of the physical and moral only under the experimental form. But, when we try to state the question without any of the prejudices of the average mind, which render it equivocal, or of metaphysics, which render it insoluble, the only tolerably precise formula we got is this: We distinguish in ourselves two groups of phenomena or operations: those in one group are conceived as external, unconscious, subject to the twofold condition of space and time; those in the other, as conscious, internal, and successive. The correlation which we discern between the two groups consists in this: that certain modes of existence in one group are the habitual antecedents of certain modes of existence in the other; for example, that sum of states of consciousness which we call a pain is accompanied by certain states of the organism, motion, play of the physiognomy, states of the viscera, and *vices versa*. A little belladonna, opium, or even alcohol, introduced into the circulation, produces certain determinate states of consciousness; in a word, we observe between the two groups of phenomena relations, whether of invariable coexistence or of invariable succession. It appears to us that this is the only clear and unambiguous way of putting the question with which we are now occupied. Finally, when we strive to get a nearer view of the opposition between the two groups, we find that the higher or psychological group has for its fundamental character consciousness; and thus the antithesis of physical and moral may, without too great inaccuracy, be regarded as the antithesis of the conscious and the unconscious. If, therefore, we should succeed in showing that this attribute of consciousness which characterizes one of the groups, and which, consequently, differentiates the two groups, does not belong to the higher group so essentially, or so exclusively, as it seems; if we succeed in showing that operations, which are considered specially psychological, such as feeling, enjoying, suffering, loving, judging, reasoning, willing, can, in some cases, be either absolutely or relatively unconscious, then the antithesis of physical and moral, instead of being absolute, would become relative, and the problem would present itself under a new aspect. With a view to resolve it, we will endeavor to penetrate into the mysterious region of the unconscious."

If there could be a literary court in which novels should be judged for their offenses, and if we could be upon the jury for their trial (which Heaven forbid!), we should cer-

* "Die Materialisten bemühen sich zu zeigen, dass alle Phänomene, auch die geistigen, physisch sind; mit Recht; nur sehen sie nicht ein, dass alles Physische andererseits zugleich ein Metaphysisches ist."

(The materialists take pains to show that all phenomena, even spiritual ones, are physical—and rightly; only they do not comprehend that, on the other hand, every thing physical is, at the same time, metaphysical.)

tainly bring in Mr. J. Emerson Smith's "Oakridge" guilty of almost every fault, but with a strong recommendation to mercy.

It is very seldom that a reader happens upon so singular a mixture of utter absurdity and possible talent as that illustrated by this novel. And the difficulty presenting itself to any one writing of it is this—that its absurdities are easy to describe, and are in every way patent and palpable; while it is hard to explain what nevertheless impresses us strongly—the capability of much better things in the author.

"Oakridge" is a novel of an old school; a "sensational" novel in the most exaggerated sense—but with the ancient and candid sensationalism of Mrs. Radcliffe—of "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and that famous class of romances. Here we have again the ancient machinery of caves and dark passages, obscure nights and stealthy abductions—all used by Mr. Smith with a pleasant *naïveté* and candor, as though they were the inventions of yesterday.

The novel is in the form of a story within a story—that seldom successful device. The first narrator, young Oakridge, happens upon a solitary hut at the base of a mountain (we begin with the refreshing abruptness of the romance itself), and on entering discovers it to be the habitation of an old man of remarkable attainments, who dwells in a perfect atmosphere of mystery, surrounded by a collection of ingenious and intricate furniture, the description of which interests Mr. Smith as though he were still a contriving school-boy, and is, indeed, one of the most amusing portions of the book. The old man, with a variety of mystic cautions, intrusts to Oakridge a manuscript to be opened after his (the old man's) death; and this manuscript, it is needless to say, forms the main body of the novel. Oakridge is further mystified by the old man with regard to the latter's reasons for his solitary life, and still further puzzled by instructions never to visit him unless unexpected and unannounced.

The reasons for all this are, of course, developed by the manuscript, with the plot of which we will not furnish the reader here, only warning him that, after going through terrific adventures to get to them, he will be amazed at their simplicity.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S novels are almost the only ones of which one can say with a clear conscience, "They are *always* good." Sometimes they are better, and not seldom they are among the best; but they never fall to the other side of the positive, and become any thing *less* than good. They are healthful, and quiet, and thoroughly artistic in their pleasant fashion; and sometimes they are remarkably strong, and come very near to being great. Nor does Mrs. Oliphant show the slightest sign of decadence; one of the most prolific of contemporary novelists, she has not even begun to "write herself out;" she has not fallen into mannerism, or adopted the tactics of a school. In our own mind we have a certain quiet enthusiasm for Mrs. Oliphant, and look upon her art as of a very high order.

Since "Miss Marjoribanks" she has certainly written no better novel than her recently-published "Valentine and his Brother." Every word of it is enjoyable, and much of it is better than merely enjoyable. It is the writer's work at its very best.

The plot of the book is more complicated than that of the stories Mrs. Oliphant has generally given us. Lord and Lady Eskside, an old Scotch couple such as no one but Mrs. Oliphant can draw with perfect success, have an only son, Richard Ross, who, carried away by a momentary passionate impulse (apparently the only one of his existence), had married, some eight years before the story opens, a vagrant gypsy, who, after giving birth to twin sons, had wearied of the constraints of civilized life, and had run away, carrying her children with her. All search for her had been in vain.

Thus much is told in the opening chapter by old Lady Eskside. But we are soon introduced to the wandering gypsy herself. She is not a bad woman; and, the flight once over, she has constantly reproached herself during all these years with having deprived her husband of both his boys. In the very storm which has roared round the windows while Lady Eskside has been telling her story she is now on her way to restore one of the children. Depositing him safely inside the door of the hall, she disappears and hurries back to his twin brother, with whom she again disappears. The child is found; the truth of the story is at once suspected by the Esksides; and the boy, partly from family resemblance, partly from what the little fellow is able to tell of his life, is recognized as one of the lost heirs, and received amid great rejoicing, to be brought up as the true son of the house. A most capital scene ensues when his father, summoned home from his diplomatic post at Florence to see his boy, meets with and recognizes him.

From this time forth it is easy to see that the story deals with the fortunes of the two brothers in their different spheres, the strange chances that bring them together, and—but we will not ruin the book for the reader, to whom, longing as he must be for a good novel, we commend it heartily.

THE aim of Mr. Isaac L. Rice, in his little volume "What is Music?" published by Messrs. Appleton, is best explained in a portion of his introduction:

"The question, 'What is music?' is not new, not recent, not even modern; it is as old as history itself. In the remotest antiquity it has occupied the minds of thinkers, and elicited curious, ingenious, and interesting fundamental theories. I have, therefore, thought it advisable, before setting forth my own views, to give a *résumé* of the various theories current in ancient times, as well as during the middle ages, together with a not lengthy discussion on the theories of Euler, Herbert Spencer, and Helmholtz. The question being in my estimation a cosmical one, I believe that, on the whole, the ancients, in considering so, understood it better than most of the moderns, who treat it too much from a sentimental, subjective point of view."

We will not try to give here even a sum-

mary of Mr. Rice's theory upon the question he asks—it is enough to say to those who will be his readers that he has put it in an interesting fashion, and urged it with a spirit that makes it deserving of attention.

A portion of his conclusion, however, is justly quotable here, for in it he puts briefly the chief results at which he believes he has logically arrived:

"The fundamental analogies between time and space manifest themselves in the manner in which beauty is perceived and produced in either.

"Beauty is perceived in both by the same means—vibrations—and by instruments that have strong analogies between them—the eye and the ear.

"Beauty is produced in both by very similar means. The identity of tones and colors has long been discovered, and I hold that there is the same identity of forms and rhythms. The straight line is manifested in dual metre, the curved line in triple metre. False rhythm, whether we use the word in the wide or in the narrow sense, is equivalent to want of symmetry in things in space.

"The principles that are manifested in the forces governing the universe—gravity, centrifugal force, and attraction—are likewise manifested in the internal government of music.

"And, lastly, the spiritual perception of the beautiful in both visible and audible Nature is identical; namely, as states of mind.

"As a final result of my speculations, I hold that music is not accidental and human, but dynamical and cosmical."

"We must thank Mr. Reeve," says a writer in the *Temple Bar* on "The Greville Memoirs," for "having brought out, in defiance of every consideration of humanity, the most indiscreet, instructive, abusive, fascinating book that ever disgusted and delighted a wicked world." . . . Frank Vincent's "Land of the White Elephant" has been translated into German and French, and reprinted in England, where the critics are pleased to speak of it favorably. . . . The *Saturday Review* says of Mr. Wilkie Collins, & *propos* of his last novel, "The Law and the Lady," that he "has the art of telling a secret at greater length than any one else, and that for the ceaseless reappearance of secrets in his novels he has the same excuse as the sign-painter who, whatever was the name of the inn that he was hired to adorn, painted every sign a red lion, for the good reason that a red lion was all he had learned to paint. So Mr. Collins tells secrets, for secrets are all that he has learned to tell. Characters he cannot draw, and manners he cannot sketch." . . . The *Academy* says that "Mr. Howells's former books have been good enough to make us take up any work of his with expectations of pleasure. But the goodness of 'A Foregone Conclusion' quite surpassed our most sanguine anticipations. Slight as it is in apparent composition, the four figures of which it consists are all conceived with unquestionable originality, and drawn with very great skill." . . . Mr. John Timbs, the well-known compiler, who recently died, is said, during a literary life of fifty years, to have produced about one hundred and fifty volumes. Mr. Timbs was at one time on the editorial staff of the *Illustrated News*. The *Athenaeum* says of him: "For more than half a century Mr. Timbs labored in the field of literature. He ploughed, indeed, with other people's heifers, but he was useful in his

generation. As he worked hard, so did he work cheerfully. His work, it is true, needed no thought for its accomplishment, and he was not himself a man given to reflection. It may be said of him, as Dryden said of Cy-mon,

'He whistled as he went, for want of thought.'

Mr. Timbs's name is on hundreds of volumes; if not always his name, his hand is there. He probably never wrote an original line, but he had an apt way of taking not only lines, but pages, from other writers, and arranging them in a readable form. Humble was the work, but it enabled many readers to form an acquaintance with writers who, but for Mr. Timbs's zeal, would, perhaps, have remained unknown to them." . . . The *Academy* says of Professor Nicoll's article in the new "Encyclopædia Britannica" on American literature that it "not only summarizes the leading characteristics of all those American writers who are at all known on this side of the Atlantic, but also introduces us by name and with a convenient epithet to further crowds of literary men; and this with a dazzling brilliancy of illustration and a wealth of epigram which, we should imagine, must now, for the first time, figure in the solemn quarto pages of an encyclopædia." . . . The *Saturday Review* closes a long notice of Sir Arthur Helps as follows: "If in his last moments Sir Arthur Helps had found leisure and inclination to review his life, he would perhaps have scarcely wished that his circumstances and occupations should have been other than they were. He conscientiously, and yet without artificial strain, made the fullest use of the powers with which he was endowed, and, like Wordsworth's Happy Warrior, he may be considered one

'Who in the tasks of real life has wrought
Upon the plan which pleased his childish thought.'

Those who most cherish his memory will recall it without admixture of bitterness or disappointment." . . . The *Athenaeum* asserts, in an article signed "J. H.," that Sir Arthur was one of the most learned men of the age, having the use of and being well read in the literatures of four living languages besides his own. . . . Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies," appearing in the *Contemporary Review*, have for their essence, according to the *Spectator*, concentrated oil of vitriol with gleams of poetic picture. "We hardly remember," it says, "any greater instance of the amazing fertility which profound dislike sometimes engenders in the mind of men of genius than this set of 'Saxon Studies' has brought before us. There is no corner or cranny of Dresden in which Mr. Julian Hawthorne cannot find a new reason for contemptuous amazement, and sometimes even for a sort of quizzical and airy loathing." . . . The seventh volume of "The Bric-à-Brac Series" will consist of the personal reminiscences of Cornelia Knight and Thomas Raikes, the former having been closely connected with the Princess Charlotte, and Raikes was an eminent merchant, who resided many years in Paris, and was acquainted with many eminent men in both England and France. . . . Wagner's autobiography and his essays will be published by Holt & Co.; and the same house will issue Berlioz's autobiography. . . . Spielhagen has just completed a new comedy for the Royal Theatre, Berlin, entitled "Love for Love." It deals with the Napoleonic wars, when Russia, Austria, and Prussia, united to throw off the yoke of French tyranny. . . . Auerbach is busy at work at a long novel.

The Arts.

THERE are not often on exhibition in our picture-stores old pictures of any special interest. At the present time there is at Schaus's a very good one, that purports to be a Spagneletto. It represents a common Italian, a man with black hair and red face, eating macaroni. The paintings of this artist, whose real name was Ribera, are strongly marked in their effects of light and shade, and they have also deep and strong color. Though not ranking with the very first class of the old masters, Spagneletto's pictures are yet among the most distinctive and important in the galleries of Europe. The subject of this picture, as well as the one in the Montpensier collection, in Boston, by the same artist, is by no means attractive. It shows a brutal-looking fellow, with bare arms and chest, like those of a blacksmith; a big, red mouth, wide open, and disclosing half-broken, stained teeth, and a great tongue; a coarse, burly head, thrown back to catch the macaroni that hangs in strings from his fingers. This is the disagreeable side of the picture. It is attractive in its strong, free action, in the twisted muscles so naturally defined on the bony structure of the arms, and in the strong light and deep shadow that relieve and bring out the action of the figure. Contrasted, as this painting is, by delicate modern works of young girls, French landscapes, and pretty still-life, the animation and vivid force of "The Macaroni-Eater" make his surroundings look like dolls and pictures done in chalk.

Among the finest bits of still-life we have lately seen is a small painting by Desgoffe, the famous French artist. The composition consists of a shell vase, set in gold enamel, an old bit of antiquity from the Museum of the Louvre. Beside this vase is a small, red bronze vessel, which has for a handle an exquisite pair of human figures grouped together; and this is from the Louvre also, and was of the time of Francis I. or Henry IV., we believe. These articles stand upon an old blue-satin table-cover, wrought in gold and silver, thick with embroidery, and soft in its tender sheen. Behind the piece of bronze and the shell vase is a big dish, very old also, and the exact portrait of another of the Louvre curiosities. Gems glow in its cover, and a row of cameos form medallions around the lid. As a fit background for these lovely old French treasures, a corner of a brass-bound cabinet completes the picture. Among the French painters, Desgoffe stands as one of the first in this branch of half-decorative, half-artistic work. The reality itself could be no more exact than the clean, clear figures painted on the enameled cover of the shell vase. Translucent and soft as pearl are the texture and light on and in this form of shell, and the satin is delineated with an elegance and appreciation worthy to be studied by every young artist. A great many painters shrink from the idea of remaining satisfied to *decorate* simply. It appears to us that, if the majority of those who now at-

tempt to be artists would endeavor to apply such thought and work as Desgoffe has given to decoration, they would find scope for all the ideas they possess. Panels painted with such stuffs as these, rendered in another way by American artists, hung in suitable frames, or inserted in niches in sitting-rooms, in bedrooms, or in a library, would add infinitely to the attractiveness of such apartments, and be vastly more refreshing to the occupants than ill-conceived and inadequately-depicted representations of people or of Nature. Most persons have the idea that decoration should be only coarse work. We see no reason why the best knowledge of light and shade and composition may not be applied to it, nor why all the peculiarities of textures of cloth, of porcelain, of fruit, of metal, and of stone, should not be brought to contribute to this most elegant and satisfactory way of beautifying our homes. There is no girl who can draw or paint a sprig of flowers in school, and no boy who passes his winter evenings sketching for his own amusement, who may not make a piece of pleasant decoration. The top of a cigar-box, if there be no better, will do for a panel on which to study carefully a pretty piece of drapery owned by a friend, an ornament that is in the sketcher's own possession, a family flower-pot or bit of glass, a pair of skates, or a slate and school-books in their strap. If carefully done, even if not in the highest line of knowledge, such a thing will enrich a room vastly more than a crayon copy of a bad lithograph. Nobody knows, till he has made the experiment, the interest that attaches to such tasks, and we hope yet to see works of the kind substituted for the impossible flowers copied in German embroidery. "The Still-life," by Desgoffe, is one of a series that the artist is painting for Schaus, by whom the objects depicted were chosen during his recent stay in Paris.

WANDERING among the lovely articles in Cottier's shop, in Fifth Avenue, a few days ago, our attention was attracted to a brass chandelier, the brilliantly clear white globes of which we supposed must be of English glass. We felt sure that a blue-and-white porcelain shade upon the drop-light was of foreign manufacture, but in both these points we were mistaken. The brass-work of the chandelier was American, and we were told that the English design for the porcelain shade was painted for Cottier by a decorator of the New-England Glass Company. Conventional figures of imps and vines made the chief part of the design, which was executed in a blue color, almost as solid and agreeable as the tint used by the Chinese on their porcelain. The New-England Glass Company have for a long time had a high reputation for beautiful cut-glass, but this piece of decorated porcelain was the first work of the kind that we ever saw from their factory, and, so far as it went, it was as good as any thing done in England.

Besides this excellent specimen of American work, Cottier has now an admirable collection of glass, both Venetian and modern reproductions of old English forms. Of the Venetian designs, the forms are the rarest.

One vase, of colors as delicate and shifting as those of a soap-bubble, has a shape as slender as the stem of a water-lily, till, when it reaches the last possibility of graceful length, its mouth widens to the size of a morning-glory. A little serpent of gold-colored glass twists about the base of the stem, the whole thing forming one of the most exquisite of these exquisite fragile Venetian baubles. This bit of beauty was lately lent by its owners to an artist of this city, and the result is a most charming picture of the vase, on the top of which white azalea-flowers hover like butterflies. We never have seen before in this country so much rare glass as at this shop. Green-clouded glass, of the tints of the best Bohemian, in beakers and wine-glasses, was dotted with bubbles of amethyst and topaz. Here was English glass, too, as beautiful as the opaline-hued vases of Venice; and here, also, were jugs of dark, opaque, streaked glass from Salviati's in Venice, glass which resembles marble in its mottled coloring, and is one of the most costly varieties of this manufacture. The English glass possesses a great advantage in this country over that of Venice; for, while an emerald-green jug, with three mouths, which we saw at Cottier's, cost twenty-five dollars, the lovely English, gem-like glass can be bought for a fourth of that sum. The mysteries of the tinting of these things of beauty are to us unfathomable; but, next to the colors of evening clouds and jewels, they appear to us about the most beautiful and wonderful in color of any thing in the world, and we could spend hours, or even days, in looking at one against the light, at another by gas-light, or at the flicker of a third in a shadowy corner.

"Or two pictures," says the *Academy*, "now at the point of completion by M. Alma-Tadema, the most important is the 'Candidate.' Within the court (*vestibulum*) of the house of a Roman patrician stands the candidate for office. He is robed in the toga, balked, as was the custom for this special occasion, to a point of whiteness conspicuous beyond the natural tone of white wool. He is accompanied by his father and his sister, who bears a costly gift destined to propitiate the powerful patron whom they seek. The three are grouped together on the right hand, against the pedestal, on which towers a large statue of Augustus, behind which we see the wall of the house. On the left runs up a broad flight of steps leading to the *ostium*, or entrance to the house. The great man comes forth, the doors are open yet behind him, and at the top of the steps is revealed the entrance-hall, thronged by a bowing crowd of parasites. The sunlight falls gleaming in long rays across the pillars of the *atrium*, suggesting light, and air, and space, affording an outlet to the eye beyond the moving figures. As the great man slowly descends, his *librarii*, the private secretaries who are sitting at a table on a landing near the bottom of the flight, drop their tablets, and rise, bending down with due obeisance; the young candidate, half eager, half afraid, is thrust forward by his father; the sister lifts her gift. The second picture is of lesser size and moment. M. Tadema gives us a young girl of ancient Rome, lying upon a leopard-skin. Her left arm is cast above her head, her hand is toying with a black kitten approaching close to

her head. The head is thrown backward, following the direction of her arm. The play of the expression in her face, the fall and rise of the curves of her body as she turns half over toward us, are full of the lazy amusement of idle play. She is robed in pale green, the fillet in her hair is green, her tawny locks repeat the tone of leopard's skin on which she lies extended, the black girdle loosely knotted about her waist spreads the jet color of the kitten's coat. Warm grays in wall and pavement relieve the group. Just above her naked feet through the wall breaks out an opening, and shows a bright bit of sculptured vase standing against the fresh green and flowers of a near garden."

"Ten years and more," says the *Spectator*, in an article on "John Leech's Outlines," "have slipped away since genial John Leech was ground to his early grave by street-organs, and in these days of rapid progress we already begin to look upon him as an 'old master.' Happily for us and for our children, his countless pictures of life and character still remain as an inexhaustible fund of pure and profitable delight. They are not yet thumbed into dust, or become nearly scarce enough to be cared for by collectors. In time they will be, and at some future day only a few copies will remain as prized memorials of a great name, as well as the truest records of an age gone by. Connoisseurship at present takes little note of the prints from *Punch*, and confines itself chiefly to the original pencillings by Leech's own hand. There are cunning bidders at the auctions for his roughest sketches, and his designs are autotyped like Raphael's drawings. Three years ago an exhibition was held of one thousand and sixty-four of his outlines, which were, and for the most part still are, in the possession of the artist's sister. On that occasion Mr. Ruskin enriched the catalogue with a letter in their praise, in which he advocated the acquisition of at least a characteristic selection from them as a national property. A committee, too, was formed, for the purchase of them with that view. This project has not yet been successful, but a republication of Mr. Ruskin's letter, as an introduction to a set of photographic copies of six of these drawings, lays the matter again before the public."

GEORGE BOUGHTON has some pictures, we learn from the English journals, nearly completed. "Couleur de Rose" and "Gray Days" are companion-pictures, both subjects being impersonated by pretty young ladies. "Couleur de Rose" stands in a garden of roses varying in hue from white and faint-tinted pink down to the angry glow of black-crimson, and holds a fresh-plucked blossom lightly in her half-closed fingers. "Gray Days" walks in the cold and windy morning. She is cloaked and hooded in black. Beneath the black hood the wide frill of a white cap sits closely round a fair and wistful face. She pauses wearily in her step, and rests against an old stone-wall, beyond which stretches upward a barren strip of land. The sense of prevailing chill atmosphere in "Gray Days" is caught in skillful contrast as against the warm haze which envelops "Couleur de Rose." Mr. Boughton has also a large landscape with figures, which he proposes to call "Woman and her Master." The scene is a large common, the edge of which is skirted in the distance by the slope of hill-sides fringed with clumps of distant trees, under the shelter of which a little homestead shows itself. Up the road, a little farther on, move the piteous

figures of three women, heavily laden with various burdens, and one of them dragged back by a child. In front of this group, some paces ahead, walks the man, just as we are well accustomed to see him in our every-day experiences; his unembarrassed hands thrust clumsily into his pockets, his pipe in his mouth, his bull-dog close upon his heels.

THE bust of the composer Meyerbeer, which has been executed by the skillful French sculptor Bonjault, was placed in the Mazarin Library, at Paris, two months ago. This is the second time since the late war with Germany that a German has been publicly honored in the French metropolis. The other occasion was when the statue of an eminent German printer was placed in the Librairie de Sainte-Geneviève. . . . The great number of deaths which have occurred among foreign painters during the last few years has already been noticed elsewhere. Among the most recent cases, besides Millet and Corot, are those of Friederich Busch, a talented German genre painter; who died at Düsseldorf early in January, and Professor D. H. A. Melbye, a Dane, celebrated for his fine marine paintings, whose death occurred in France on the 10th of January. . . . The committee for furthering the erection of a statue to Walther von der Vogelweide, the famous German minnesinger of the middle ages, has already been organized, and the old and well-known poet and patriot, Count Anton Auersperg—better known by his *nom de plume* of Anastasius Grün—has been chosen as its president. This is the first public appearance for many years of this talented and highly-respected Austrian nobleman, who was once a fearless advocate of German liberty, and a bitter opponent of Prince Metternich. The idea of a statue to the great minnesinger seems to be extremely popular among all classes of the German people, and much interest is manifested in the undertaking. The town of Gratz was once spoken of as the location of this statue, but it has since been finally decided that it shall be erected in Bozen, the most southern town in the Tyrol. . . . The noted sculptor Ernst Rau, of Stuttgart, is now engaged upon a monument to Schiller. He has been employed to execute this work by the *Schillerverein*, or Schiller Association, of Marbach, the native town of the great German poet; and, on the 9th of May—the anniversary of his death—in 1876, the monument will be uncovered, and appropriate ceremonies will be performed in honor of its erection. . . . The following anecdote is told of Corot, the great French landscape-painter just deceased: Corot was noted for his charitable disposition. One morning a dealer had come to pay him a small sum—five hundred francs. While they were talking, a poor woman with two children came in; her husband, a model, was very ill, they had nothing to live upon, etc. Corot said he had no money, could give her nothing—his purse was at home. He then pushed her gently toward the door, and, calling to the dealer, asked him for the five hundred francs; it was a single note, and, placing it in the woman's hands, pushed her again out of the studio, saying, "I have no change." . . . Two works by Corot, the "Dante" and "Hagar in the Wilderness," long hanging in his studio, and which no offer could induce the painter to part with, were bequeathed by him to the Louvre. . . . Owing to the clearing away of some old houses that entirely hid it in some positions from view, the fine old Gothic church of St. Gereon, in Cologne, is now revealed in all its architectural beauty. There are many other churches in European

towns similarly hid from view, and very few of the best of them can be fairly seen on account of intervening buildings. . . . There is a society of lady artists in London who have just opened an exhibition of paintings in Great Marlborough Street. . . . A Berlin correspondent declares that art-cultivation at the Prussian court is of that high character that it considers a mounted soldier in any metal as the highest type of art. This is almost as bad as art-taste at Washington.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

GROTESQUE INSECTS.

TO the naturalist author in search of a theme, the treatment of which shall afford full scope for pen and pencil, and which shall prove so engaging to his readers as to command their willing perusal, we would suggest that his efforts be directed toward presenting a descriptive history of "The Grotesque in Nature." Were any one to undertake this labor, we are convinced that one of the earliest conclusions reached would be that certain orders of creation have a "mission" in the world that is best accomplished by their very oddity of form and habit; since, by it, they are enabled to engage the attention of the casual observer, who, being first curious, soon becomes attentive, and ends by being wise, just as the clown of the circus first secures the eye of his rural audience by his grotesque garb and antics, and ends by enforcing upon their attention some wise or moral maxim.

The author of the quaint couplet, familiar to the nursery-scholar, beginning "the funniest thing's a frog," must have limited his observations to the order of the amphibia, since had he once entered the confines of the insect kingdom the rivals to the *Rana palustris* would have presented themselves on every side. Though no order, even including that of the genus *homo*, is free from its odd members, yet there are none of these which so abound in grotesque forms and features as that which includes the insects in its rôle of membership.

Although we have chosen to class these grotesque creatures as sort of insect recruiting-sergeants, whose main purpose is to allure the inquisitive and observing into the ranks of their student-army, yet we should not be doing them justice did we refuse for them any further mission. No recent student of Nature can have failed to discover that this question of form and color is one that has attracted to its consideration the attention of our foremost naturalists. These students, setting aside the mere abstract question of form, have devoted much study and observation to the inquiry whether this oddity of form may not bear some direct relation to the modes of life of the creature so endowed—in a word, whether these apparent accidents of Nature may not be the result of her deliberate purpose, undertaken with a view to protect her creatures, and thus aid toward assuring the "survival of the fittest." As it is, however, without the limits of our present purpose to enter upon a review of this complex discussion, we will

be content to refer the reader to the works of these naturalists for the arguments, while we confine our labors to presenting a brief descriptive review of several of the odd creatures whose innocent but odd forms furnish the text upon which these learned doctors still disagree.

The members of this insect kingdom have no wiser or more graceful spokesman and historian than the Rev. J. G. Wood, M. A. F. L. S., author of "Homes without Hands,"



Fig. 1.—*Achies Longividens* (Male).

"Insects at Home," and, as his last and in certain points his most complete work, "Insects Abroad." It is to this latter work that we acknowledge our indebtedness for the portrayal of several of these grotesque insect-forms; and, as the single purpose is mind is to illustrate what odd creatures Nature numbers in her hosts, we shall be content to direct the reader's attention to them, with but a brief notice of their peculiarities. At an early day we shall hope to return again to this rich mine of insect-lore, then



Fig. 2.—*Heteronotus Aronatus*.

laying before our readers information as to insect-intelligence, which will be kindred to that already given in our former papers on "Insect Tombs" and "Mud Masons."

In Fig. 1 we have illustrated one of those exceptional forms which will, at the same time, appear as though created for a special purpose. The illustration is that of the male of one of those small groups of insects that are distinguished by certain extraordinary appendages of the head. The purpose of

these appendages will appear at once when we are informed that at the extreme end of each are the creature's eyes. It is thus evident that this little insect has one great ad-



Fig. 3.—Hypranchia Westwoodii.

vantage over his less-favored comrades, who have eyes in their heads. When desirous of informing himself regarding the approach of an enemy, the ever-watchful *Aekias longi-*videns has no need to turn his body toward the foe, but is content to direct his long eyes over his shoulder, or along the whole horizon, to be made acquainted with the precise condition of things. This species is a native of Ava, and the illustration is slightly above the natural size. In Fig. 2 we have a second species, the purpose of whose structure may be readily comprehended, though this, however, does not detract in the least from the oddity of the form which it presents.

The novel feature will at once appear in the sharp spikes that project from the body, and, as this body is a tempting, pale-red color, his evident that, but for its natural armorment, this little insect order would soon become extinct—the prey of its ravenous enemies;

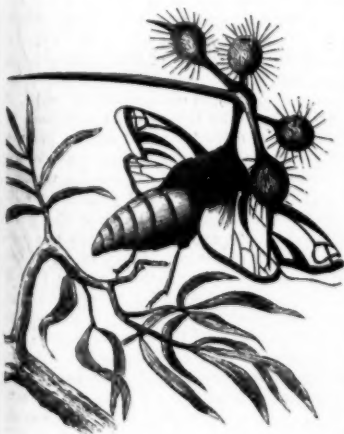


Fig. 4.—Bocyldium Tintinnabulariferum.

as it is, however, the insectivora will be likely to avoid making a meal of a morsel that will, in all probability, "stick in their throats."

So much for the insects with the movable eyes and natural armor; but what shall be

said in defense of the existence of the next two forms, illustrated in Figs. 3 and 4? Were it not that they belong to a recognized species, and that they are not, therefore, single exceptions, we might be prone to believe that Nature had blundered in a single instance only. As it is, we must await the decision of the savants as to the purpose of these strange appendages, dwelling for a moment only on their general character, as given by Mr. Wood. The insect illustrated in Fig. 3 is one of an extensive group, which are remarkable for the singular development of the thorax, and its division into a fork-like extremity as the end of a sugar-tongs, the ends being flattened into a spear-like shape. In Fig. 4 the development of the thorax is more eccentric and grotesque. The extremities of these protuberances suggest the name, and that which the naturalists have given it is certainly as high-sounding a title as the most abject clown could desire, while any child who should see a living, flying *Bocyldium tintinnabulariferum* would at once agree with our first proposition, that no longer is "the funniest thing a frog."

WHILE the fitting out of the arctic exploring ships *Albert* and *Discovery* is in progress, the naval officers who are to accompany the expedition are being trained in the special branches of science to which they will be assigned. Commander Markham and Lieutenants Archer, Giffard, and Fulford, are taking a course of instruction in magnetism; Lieutenants Parr and May are working at the observatory at Greenwich in order to perfect themselves in the use of astronomical telescopes, transit instruments, and the spectro-scope; while Lieutenant Aldrich is taking a course in practical photography. The pendulum observations will be placed in charge of Lieutenants Beaumont and Rawson. It is now expected that the two vessels will be put in commission about the middle of April, and sail early in June. The *Academy*, commenting on these preparatory labors, anticipates possible failure in certain departments by advising those who stay at home to remember that observations in the arctic regions are excessively difficult, and that the service is one entailing great hardship and sufferings; at the same time the assurance is given that every thing that can possibly be done will be achieved, and that all practicable success may be certainly anticipated. In the present connection it may not be amiss to suggest that, if those who have in charge the nitro-glycerine experiments, to which we have alluded, will enter into correspondence with the engineers who attempted the destruction of the recent ice-berg at Port Jervis they might obtain much valuable data. So far as the record now stands, it would appear that of all the explosive agents used for the dislodgment of ice-masses nitro-glycerine is the most effective, and yet the results even with this giant power were not of a nature to encourage those who would hope to match it against the ice-mountains or floes of the northern seas. Among the direct negative results to which attention might also be directed, is the total failure of naphtha as an agent for melting masses of ice, though it is a question whether this agent has another such a disciple in the world as Mr. Cheebrough.

WHILE the projectors of the expedition are active in fitting it out in the most efficient

manner, the question of material aid, its character and extent, has been definitely settled by the act of Parliament. The success of these latter measures for pecuniary aid, together with certain additional information, is given in the last number of *Nature*, as follows:

"The estimates for the Arctic Expedition were passed by the House of Commons last Friday with complete unanimity. The sum asked for was ninety-eight thousand six hundred and twenty pounds. There was appended to the estimate a further sum of sixteen thousand pounds for the next financial year; and for future years, while the expedition is out, there will be an additional sum of thirteen thousand pounds. In addition to all this, there is a contingent possibility of about fifty thousand pounds being required in case of its being thought necessary or desirable to send out a relief-ship in consequence of the expedition not having returned as soon as was expected. A man-of-war will accompany the expedition as far as Upernavik, where she will fill the ships up with coal and provisions. It is stated that the *Pandora*, which was one of the vessels named for the expedition, but was condemned on survey, has been purchased from the Admiralty by Mr. Allen Young, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy reserve, and it is rumored that he will assume command of her, and accompany the *Alert* and *Discovery* during the summer. Mr. Young served with Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock on board the *Fox* in the Franklin Search Expedition."

It has been decided that no professional geologist shall accompany the expedition. In commenting on this decision, which is unfavorably received, the same journal defines the true character of the expedition by stating that "it is nothing if not scientific." With this view we doubt not the public will heartily coincide, since, even were the pole itself discovered, it is difficult to conceive of any value that may accrue to commerce by such an accomplishment. But the promise to science is such as to encourage the service, and, while the theory that calls for national aid for such an exclusively scientific purpose may not be in accord with our own, yet we cannot but trust that, now that the aid has been promised, it will be liberally furnished, and that all that money can do will be done to advance it toward a successful issue.

THE following facts on the duration of life appear in the *Deutsche Versicherungs-Zeitung*: "In ancient Rome, during the period between the years 200 and 800 A. D., the average duration of life among the upper classes was 30 years. In the present century, among the same classes of people, it amounts to 50 years. In the sixteenth century the mean duration of life in Geneva was 21.31 years; between 1814 and 1833, it was 40.68 years; and at the present time as many people live to 70 years of age as three hundred years ago lived to the age of 43. In the year 1693 the British Government borrowed money, the amounts borrowed to be paid in annuities, on the basis of the mean duration of life at that time. The state treasury made thereby a good bargain, and all parties to the transaction were satisfied. Ninety-seven years later, Pitt established another tontine or annuity company, based on the presumption that the mortality would remain the same as one hundred years before. But, in this instance, it transpired that the government had made a bad bargain, since, while in the first tontine ten thousand persons of each sex died under the age of 23, one hundred years later, only five thousand seven hundred and seventy-two males and six thousand four hundred and sixteen females died under this age. From these facts, it appears that life under certain favorable influences has gained in many and probably in all its forms and manifestations, both

in vigor and duration. To still further promote this tendency, it is only necessary that those conditions under which the attainment of the desired end is possible be made to accord with the fundamental natural laws."

M. HAUSEN has recently discovered and secured letters-patent, in France, for a process by which non-conducting materials may be electrolysed. Sulphur dissolved to a syrupy consistency in oil of *Lavendula spica* is mingled, under a gentle heat, with a solution of chloride of gold, or sesquichloride of platinum in sulphuric ether. This mixture is then evaporated to the thickness of ordinary paint, which is applied with a brush to such portions of glass or china as are desired to be plated. The material is then immersed in the ordinary bath, and the result is a deposit of the metal upon the surface previously painted. The objects may then be baked, and the coating fixed as firmly as though the original surface had been a metallic one. In order that this process should meet with more general adoption, it is evident, however, that the reagents employed in the composition of the paint should be of less valuable material, and doubtless this advance will soon be made, and silver-plated china become one of the staple articles of ornament and table-service.

WE regret to announce that the expedition from Burmah into China, to which we alluded in our last number, has met with disaster. On the 23d of February, Mr. Margary was murdered at a place called Mauvine. Mr. Margary was a member of the Chinese consular service, and is spoken of as a gallant and accomplished young explorer, who had traversed the whole width of China, from Shanghai to Bhamo, in order to join the expedition. His murderer was one Lee See Hie, a half Burmese and half Chinese, who, at the head of a party of Chinese and wild natives, attacked Mr. Margary's party. It is probable that this act will call forth an earnest protest and possibly active measures from the English Government. This result would seem to be inevitable, can it be proved, as has already been suggested, that the king of Burmah had a knowledge of the proposed attack, and made no attempt to avoid it. So it may be that, by this death of Mr. Margary, the way is to be opened to the advance of civilization and the extension of knowledge.

THE physical geographers are now at work endeavoring to account for the appearance at the mouth of the Seine, near Havre, of an hermetically-sealed bottle in a wooden case. The problem its presence suggests is this: During Prince Napoleon's North-Polar Expedition in 1860, wooden bottles of this kind were thrown overboard daily in the month of June. This was done in the hope that the course taken by these floating buoys would aid in determining the direction of the great oceanic currents. The test, however, failed completely, and for fourteen years none of these bottles have been seen till the discovery of this one at the mouth of the Seine. It is suggested that its appearance here indicates that a polar current must be borne into the German Ocean, and thence through the Channel to the western coasts of France.

THE rapid destruction of seals in the northern seas has given rise to fears regarding the continuation of the species, and measures of protection are being discussed. It is proposed by the Peterhead sealers and sailors to apply

the principles of the game-law to these creatures, and thus, by mutual consent, to unite upon a "close season," during which it shall be unlawful to kill them. The papers have been presented to Parliament, and the measure will be urged with all due zeal and earnestness. Of course, such a measure, to be effective, should be international in character, and it is to be hoped that those in our own country who have a special interest in the preservation of the seal will render all efficient aid toward advancing the wise provisions of the law.

THE introduction of the Pullman car upon the Midland Railway, England, is not only likely to be followed by its general adoption in that country, but its presence seems to have acted as a stimulus to the English car-builders. Noticing the success of this car, the *English Mechanic* states that some new and improved first-class carriages have been recently put on the line, which are said to be more comfortable and commodious than the old ones. They are seven feet high from floor to ceiling, and the arms of the seats are so constructed as to fold back so that the seat can be used as a couch. The American reader will recognize this improvement as somewhat resembling one that has been long in use on our railways.

AT a recent blast at Craroe Quarry, Cum-lodden, over thirty thousand tons of granite were dislodged at a single explosion. A bore thirty feet long was driven into the rock, and was then continued at right angles for twenty-five feet, when it was again sunk a distance of one hundred and sixty feet. Here a powder-chamber was formed, and a charge of five thousand pounds of gunpowder introduced. The result was entirely satisfactory; the blast was one of the largest ever fired.

AT a recent meeting of the Berlin Chemical Society, M. Bender read a note on the chemical constitution of the gas contained in the pulp of the apple. A small quantity of this gas, expelled from the apple by pressure and collected under mercury, was submitted to an analysis, with the following result: In one hundred parts of the gas he found 40.20 of carbonic acid, 48 oxygen, and 59.37 nitrogen. The gas from old or decaying apples yielded a quarter percentage of carbonic acid.

THE following is a recently-patented process for coating cotton with silk: The silk is dissolved in hydrochloric acid or an ammoniacal solution of copper or nickel. The solution thus obtained is then filtered through sand, diluted till it begins to cloud, and the cotton, previously mordanted, is then immersed in it for two or three minutes, after which it is removed and washed.

IT is announced that an expedition will shortly leave Marseilles for the deep-sea exploration of the Mediterranean. M. Marion, M. Talabot, and other distinguished citizens of Marseilles and Paris, are active in furthering the plans of the expedition, and under their supervision every promise of success is given.

IT is announced that Dr. Schweinfurth, the distinguished African explorer, has been appointed Director of the Natural History Museum and Botanical Gardens at Cairo. The khédive has also, we learn, requested him to organize an African Geographical Society in Egypt.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

THE long-expected "Diary and Reminiscences" of the famous actor Macready has just appeared in London, under the editorship of Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. We clip below a few selections from the earlier portion of the work. Macready was born in 1793; his father, who was lessee and manager of several provincial theatres, becoming peculiarly embarrassed, young Macready, when only sixteen years of age, was withdrawn from school at Rugby, and placed in charge of one of his father's theatres. The year succeeding he made his first appearance on the stage, with which event our selections begin:

"My father, to whom I of course deferred, had selected *Romeo* for the character of my *début*, and accordingly I was now in earnest work upon it. Frequently in the course of my solitary attempts, the exclamation would escape me, 'I cannot do it!' and, in some of my private rehearsals, I had the discouraging remark of my father, 'That will not do,' to damp my courage and cast the gloomy shade of doubt on my exertions. Still, however, I persevered; and, as the time of making the desperate plunge approached, my hopes were somewhat cheered by the encouragement of the lady who was rehearsing her part of *Juliet* with me (Mrs. Young, from Drury Lane Theatre) and my father's admission of 'very great improvement.' By dint of practice and repeated rehearsals, alone and with the other performers, I had got by rote, as it were, every particular of place, gesture, feeling, and intonation—and well for me I had done so; for, if it made my heart beat more quickly to read in the street play-bills the announcement of 'The part of *Romeo* by a young gentleman, his first appearance on any stage,' the emotions I experienced on first crossing the stage, and coming forward in face of the lights and the applauding audience, were almost overpowering. There was a mist before my eyes. I seemed to see nothing of the dazzling scene before me, and for some time I was like an automaton moving in certain defined limits. I went mechanically through the variations in which I had drilled myself, and it was not until the plaudits of the audience awoke me from the kind of waking dream in which I seemed to be moving that I gained my self-possession, and really entered into the spirit of the character, and I may say felt the passion, I was to represent. Every round of applause acted like inspiration on me: I 'trod on air,' became another being, or a happier self; and, when the curtain fell at the conclusion of the play, and the intimate friends and performers crowded on the stage to raise up the *Juliet* and myself, shaking my hands with fervent congratulations, a lady asked me, 'Well, sir, how do you feel now?' my boyish answer was, without disguise, 'I feel as if I should like to act it all over again.'

"My father was now sanguine in his expectations of my advancement, but I was not. Still I resolved to make the best of what might be before me. I worked in earnest on the parts submitted to me after each performance, endeavoring to improve on its repetition. It

was only on Sundays that the theatre, being locked up, was free from the presence of all employed in it. I used to get the key, and, after morning service, lock myself in, and pace the stage in every direction to give myself ease, and become familiar in my deportment with exits and entrances, and with every variety of gesture and attitude. My characters were all acted over and over, and speeches recited till, tired out, I was glad to breathe the fresh air again. This was for several years a custom with me."

In the season of 1811-12 he met and acted with Mrs. Siddons at Newcastle, appearing as *Beverley* in "The Gamester," and *Young Norval* in "Douglas."

"*Norval* was a favorite character with me, but *Beverley* I had to study, and with the appalling information that I was to act it with Mrs. Siddons! With doubt, anxiety, and trepidation, I set about my work, but with my accustomed resolution to do my very best. The language of the play is prose, and sufficiently prosaic; but I went to work at it with a determined though agitated spirit, and sought out in every sentence the expression that would most clearly illustrate the varying emotions of the character. The words of the part I was soon perfect in: but the thought of standing by the side of this great mistress of her art hung over me in terror."

"After several rehearsals the dreaded day of her arrival came, and I was ordered by my father to go to the Queen's Head Hotel to rehearse my scenes with her. My nervousness must have been apparent to her on my introduction, and in her grand but good-natured manner she received me, saying, 'I hope, Mr. Macready, you have brought some hartshorn-and-water with you, as I am told you are terribly frightened at me,' and she made some remarks about my being a very young husband. Her daughter, Miss Cecilia Siddons, went smiling out of the room, and left us to the business of the morning."

"Her instructions were vividly impressed on my memory, and I took my leave with fear and trembling, to steady my nerves for the coming night. The audience were, as usual, encouraging, and my first scene passed with applause; but in the next—my first with *Mrs. Beverley*—my fear overcame me to that degree that for a minute my presence of mind forsook me, my memory seemed to have gone, and I stood bewildered. She kindly whispered the word to me (which I never could take from the prompter), and the scene proceeded."

"What eulogy can do justice to her personations! How inadequate are the endeavors of the best writer to depict with accuracy to another's fancy the landscape that in its sublime beauties may have charmed him! 'The tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood' may have 'their colors and their forms' particularized in eloquent language, but can they be so presented to the 'mind's eye' of the reader as to enable him to paint from them a picture with which the reality will accord? or will any verbal account of the most striking features of 'the human face divine' convey a distinct portraiture of the individual? How much less can any force of descriptive imprint on the imagination the sudden but thrilling effects of tone or look, of port or gesture, or even of the silence so often significant in the development of human passion! 'L'art de déclamation ne laisse après lui que des souvenirs.' As these are not transferable, I will not presume to catalogue

the merits of this unrivaled artist, but may point out, as a guide to others, one great excellence that distinguished all her personations—this was the unity of design, the just relation of all parts to the whole, that made us forget the actress in the character she assumed. Throughout the tragedy of 'The Gamester' devotion to her husband stood out as the main-spring of her actions, the ruling passion of her being; apparent when reduced to poverty in her graceful and cheerful submission to the lot to which his vice has subjected her, in her fond excuses of his ruinous weakness, in her conciliating expostulations with his angry impatience, in her indignant repulse of *Stukely's* advances, when in the awful dignity of outraged virtue she imprecates the vengeance of Heaven upon his guilty head. The climax to her sorrows and sufferings was in the dungeon, when on her knees, holding her dying husband, he dropped lifeless from her arms. Her glaring eyes were fixed in stony blankness on his face; the powers of life seemed suspended in her; her sister and *Leeson* gently raised her, and slowly led her unresisting from the body, her gaze never for an instant averted from it; when they reach the prison-door she stopped, as if awakened from a trance, uttered a shriek of agony that would have pierced the hardest heart, and, rushing from them, flung herself, as if for union in death, on the prostrate form before her.

"She stood alone on her height of excellence. Her acting was perfection, and, as I recall it, I do not wonder, novice as I was, at my perturbation when on the stage with her. But in the progress of the play I gradually regained more and more my self-possession, and in the last scene, as she stood by the side-wing, waiting for the cue of her entrance, on my utterance of the words, 'My wife and sister! well—well! there is but one pang more, and then farewell, world!' she raised her hands, clapping loudly, and calling out, 'Bravo, sir, bravo!' in sight of part of the audience, who joined in her applause."

"If Mrs. Siddons appeared a personification of the Tragic Muse, certainly all the attributes of Thalia were most joyously combined in Mrs. Jordan. With a spirit of fun that would have out-laughed *Puck* himself, there was a 'discrimination, an identity with her character, an artistic arrangement of the scene that made all appear spontaneous and accidental, though elaborated with the greatest care. Her voice was one of the most melodious I ever heard, which she could vary by certain bass tones that would have disturbed the gravity of a hermit; and who that once heard that laugh of hers could ever forget it! The words of Milman would have applied well to her—'Oh, the words laughed on her lips!' Mrs. Nesbitt, the charming actress of a later day, had a fascinating power in the sweetly-ringing notes of her hearty mirth, but Mrs. Jordan's laugh was so rich, so apparently irrepressible, so deliciously self-enjoying, as to be at all times irresistible. Its contagious power would have broken down the conventional serenity of Lord Chesterfield himself."

"Kean was engaged to sup with my father at the York Hotel after the performance of *Richard*, to which I went with no ordinary feelings of curiosity. Cooke's representation of the part I had been present at several times, and it lived in my memory in all its sturdy vigor. There was a solidity of deportment and manner, and, at the same time, a sort of unobtrusive enjoyment of his successful craft, in the

soliloquizing stage villainy of Cooke, which gave powerful and rich effect to the sneers and overbearing retorts of Cibber's hero, and certain points (as the peculiar mode of delivering a passage is technically phrased) traditional from Garrick were made with consummate skill, significance, and power."

"Kean's conception was decidedly more Shakespearean. He hurried you along in his resolute course with a spirit that brooked no delay. In inflexibility of will and sudden grasp of expedients, he suggested the idea of a feudal Napoleon. His personation was throughout consistent, and he was only inferior to Cooke where he attempted points upon the same ground as his distinguished predecessor."

"My father and self were betimes in our box. Pope was the lachrymose and rather tedious performer of *Henry VI.* But when the scene changed, and a little, keenly-visaged man rapidly bustled across the stage, I felt there was meaning in the alertness of his manner and the quickness of his step. As the play proceeded, I became more and more satisfied that there was a mind of no common order. In his angry complaining of Nature's injustice to his bodily imperfections, as he uttered the line—

'To shrink my arm up like a withered shrub,'

he remained looking on the limb for some moments with a sort of bitter discontent, and then struck it back in angry disgust. My father, who sat behind me, touched me, and whispered, 'It's very poor!' 'Oh, no!' I replied, 'it is no common thing; for I found myself stretching over the box to observe him. The scene with *Lady Anne* was entered on with evident confidence, and was well sustained, in the affected earnestness of penitence, to its successful close. In tempting *Buckingham* to the murder of the children, he did not impress me as Cooke was wont to do, in whom the sense of the crime was apparent in the gloomy hesitation with which he gave reluctant utterance to the deed of blood. Kean's manner was consistent with his conception, proposing their death as a political necessity, and sharply requiring it as a business to be done. The two actors were equally effective in their respective views of the unscrupulous tyrant; but, leaving to Cooke the more prosaic version of Cibber, it would have been desirable to have seen the energy and restless activity of Kean giving life to racy language and scenes of direct and varied agency in the genuine tragedy with which his whole manner and appearance were so much more in harmony. In his studied mode of delivering the passages, 'Well! as you guess!' and 'Off with his head! So much for *Buckingham*!' he could not approach the searching, sarcastic incredulity, or the rich, vindictive chuckle of Cooke; but, in the bearing of the man throughout, as the intriguer, the tyrant, and the warrior, he seemed never to relax the ardor of his pursuit, presenting the life of the usurper as one unbroken whole, and closing it with a death picturesquely and poetically grand. Many of the Kemble school resisted conviction in his merits, but the fact that he made me feel was an argument to enroll me with the majority on the indisputable genius he displayed."

"We retired to the hotel as soon as the curtain fell, and were soon joined by Kean, accompanied, or rather attended, by Pope. I need not say with what intense scrutiny I regarded him as we shook hands on our mutual introduction. The mild and modest expression of his Italian features, and his unassuming manner, which I might perhaps justly de-

scribe as partaking, in some degree, of shyness, took me by surprise, and I remarked, with special interest, the indifference with which he endured the fulsome flatteries of Pope. He was very sparing of words during, and for some time after, supper; but, about one o'clock, when the glass had circulated pretty freely, he became animated, fluent, and communicative. His anecdotes were related with a lively sense of the ridiculous; in the melodies he sang there was a touching grace, and his powers of mimicry were most humorously or happily exerted in an admirable imitation of Braham; and in a story of Incedon, acting *Steady, the Quaker at Rochester*, without any rehearsal—where, in singing the favorite air, "When the lads of the village so merrily, oh!" he heard himself, to his dismay and consternation, accompanied by a single bassoon—the music of his voice, his perplexity at each recurring sound of the bassoon, his undertone maledictions on the self-satisfied musician, the peculiarity of his habits, all were hit off with a humor and an exactness that equaled the best display Mathews ever made, and almost convulsed us with laughter. It was a memorable evening, the first and last I ever spent in private with this extraordinary man.

"In its outward graces how different was the excellence which, a night or two after, excited my enthusiastic admiration when Shakespeare's *Juliet* made her entry on the scene in the person of Miss O'Neill! Our seats in the orchestra of Covent Garden gave me the opportunity of noting every slightest flash of emotion or shade of thought that passed over her countenance. The charming picture she presented was one that time could not efface from the memory. It was not altogether the matchless beauty of form and face, but the spirit of perfect innocence and purity that seemed to glisten in her speaking eyes and breathe from her chiseled lips. To her might justly be ascribed the negative praise, in my mind the highest commendation that, as an artist, man or woman can receive, of a total absence of any approach to affectation. There was in her look, voice, and manner, an artlessness, an apparent unconsciousness (so foreign to the generality of stage performers) that riveted the spectator's gaze.

"I have heard objections to the warmth of her passionate confessions in the garden scene; but the love of the maid of sunny Italy is not to be measured and judged by the phlegmatic formalist:

'My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.'

is her heart's utterance. Love was to her life; life not valued, if unsustained by love. Such was the impression Miss O'Neill's conception of the character made, rendering its catastrophe the only natural refuge of a guileless passion so irresistible and absorbing.

"More than once in my life I have heard, in dogmatic tone and with an oracular air, certain *soi-disant* critics bestowing on a player especial praise on the ground that his acting was quite natural, unpremeditated; that he did not require study, and that he never delivered the salient points of a character twice in the same way. What would reflection deduce from this, but that, although the artist may be subject more or less to the accidental variation of his animal spirits, yet, as there must be one form of expression which he finds nearest to the exact truth, in once attaining this, every deviation or declension from it must be more or less a deterioration! Study will bring ease,

grace, and self-possession—the indispensable groundwork of the actor's art; but, to evoke the various emotions that will give with fidelity Nature's own expression to his look and voice—his labor, hoc opus est.' As Talma used to say, 'There was only one best'—to discover that is the labor of the artist; and, having once achieved this, is it reconcileable to common-sense that he would endanger his credit by tampering with the truth his patient investigation had wrought out? The approach to perfection is indeed usually so gradual that, in one whose principle it would be to labor in his several performances to improve on what had gone before, whose motto, to the very last words he utters on the scene, is 'Excellentior!' the degrees of his toilsome ascent may be distinguishable, but, beyond such variations, his design will remain unchanged.

"An apathy pervaded the play-going world (Dublin, 1816), and the manager's calculations were disappointed, and, in the hope of rousing the public from the torpor that appeared to possess them, Kemble had consented to reappear in characters which he had long since relinquished, and which were among the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Kean. From the time of Cooke's acknowledged supremacy in *Richard III.*, Kemble had given up the part; in *John Reeling* it, he had only provoked unwilling and humiliating comparisons; and, in selecting for his benefit and last performance the character of *Othello*, which had never ranked among his more finished efforts, he again placed himself at disadvantage with Kean, whose 'fiery quality' in his splendid personation of the *Moor* was fresh in the memories of all. Like a diligent scholar, I took my place early, not to lose one look or word of this important lesson. *Iago*, *Drabantio*, and *Roderigo*, followed the traditional directions through the opening scene, and when it changed, the majestic figure of John Kemble, in Moorish costume, 'with a slow and stately step,' advanced from the side-wing. A more august presence could scarcely be imagined. His darkened complexion detracted but little from the stern beauty of his commanding features, and the enfolding drapery of his Moorish mantle hung gracefully on his erect and noble form. The silent picture he presented compelled admiration. The spectators applauded loudly and heartily, but the slight bow with which he acknowledged the compliment spoke rather dissatisfaction at the occasional vacant spaces before him than recognition of the respectful feeling manifested by those present. I must suppose he was out of humor, for, to my exceeding regret, he literally walked through the play.

"My attention was riveted upon him through the night in hope of some start of energy, some burst of passion, lighting up the dreary dullness of his cold recitation, but all was one gloomy, unbroken level—actually not better than a school repetition. In the line, 'Not a jot! not a jot!' there was a fearful tremor upon his voice that had pathos in it; with that one exception, not a single passage was uttered that excited the audience to sympathy, or that gave evidence of artistic power. His voice was monotonously husky, and every word was enunciated with labored distinctness. His readings were faultless; but there was no spark of feeling that could enable us to get a glimpse of the 'constant, loving, noble nature' of *Othello*. The play went through without one round of applause."

September 16, 1816, in his twenty-fourth year, Macready made his first appearance before a London audience, appearing at the

Covent Garden Theatre as *Orestes* in the play of "The Distressed Mother," and made a very favorable impression:

"Many compliments were paid me on the quality and compass of my voice; but if personal vanity—from which not even deformity and ugliness are exempt—had been among my flaws of character, I should have writhed under the report so widely promulgated 'del mio brutto volto.' Intimations were given in criticisms the most favorable that my face was not well 'calculated for the stage.' The theatrical article in the *Notes* (a journal which, after Leigh Hunt's secession, still retained a reputation for its critical notices) began its review in these words: 'Mr. Macready is the plainest and most awkwardly-made man that ever trod the stage, but he is an actor whom in some respects we prefer to Mr. Kean.' An amusing proof of the persuasion so widely entertained of my personal disqualifications was afforded me at the theatre one evening soon after my *début*. A man and woman were seated before me in the second tier of boxes. In the course of their conversation the lady inquired of her companion whether he had 'seen the new actor.' 'What, Macready?' he replied. 'No, I've not seen him yet; I am told he is a capital actor, but a devilish ugly fellow: they say he is an ugly likeness of Liston!' My equanimity was not at all disturbed by the frankness of these comments, and I dare say I probably did not think myself quite so bad as I was represented. John Kemble, who, in addition to the talent he possessed, owed so much of his success to the external gifts of Nature, may be expected to have attached vast importance to them, and certainly he seems to have sided with the informants of my friend of the second tier. When his brother Charles one day stated his conviction that I should attain the foremost rank in the profession, John Kemble, who had never seen me act, took a pinch of snuff, and, with a significant smile, rejoined, 'O Charles! *con quel viso!*' My vanity, however, was not assailable on this point, for I had been, I am glad to say, early bullied into thinking humbly of myself in regard to personal appearance. I remembered, moreover, that Le Kain, Henderson, and Talma, in attaining the highest celebrity in their art, had found the plainness of their features no obstruction to the full display of those emotions which the deep study of their author awakened, and I fortified myself by their example, with the hope of being able to develop my conceptions with vigor and distinctness, and, by the earnestness of my feelings, to insure the sympathy of my auditors.

"At Covent Garden (October 25, 1816) Kemble made his first appearance this season in Addison's 'Cato,' and I early took place near the stage in the dress-circle, my intention being to see him through his round of characters, to convince myself, by the most careful and patient observation, how far his title to praise might be exaggerated by his panegyrists, or his demerits magnified by his detractors; for taste, or what would be called so, has its factions, sometimes as vehement as political ones. The house was moderately filled: there was sitting-room in the pit, and the dress-circle was not at all crowded. I noted this, having expected a manifestation of public enthusiasm which was not there. But there was Kemble! As he sat majestically in his curule chair, imagination could not supply a grander or more noble presence. In face and form he realized the most perfect ideal that ever enriched the sculptor's or the paint-

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er's fancy, and his deportment was in accord with all of outward dignity and grace that history attributes to the *pater conscripti*. In one particular, however, I was greatly disappointed: having heard much of his scholarly correctness, I expected in his costume to see a model of the *gens togata*; but the cumbersome drapery in which he was enveloped bore no resemblance, in any one fold or peculiarity, to the garment that distinguished the Roman as one of the *rerum dominos*. The ensemble was, nevertheless, remarkably striking, and the applause that greeted him proved the benches to be occupied by very devoted admirers. The tragedy, five acts of declamatory, unimpassioned verse, the monotony of which, correct as by his emphasis and reading was, Kemble's husky voice and labored articulation did not tend to dissipate or enliven, was a tax upon the patience of the hearers. The frequently-recurring sentiments on patriotism and liberty awakening no response, were listened to with respectful, almost drowsy attention. But, like an eruptive volcano from some level expanse, there was one burst that electrified the house. When *Portius* entered with the exclamation—

'Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus—'

Kemble, with a start of unwonted animation, rushed across the stage to him, huddling questions one upon another with extraordinary volubility of utterance—

'Ha! what has he done?—
Has he forsook his post? Has he given way?
Did he look tamely on and let them pass?'

Then listening with intense eagerness to the relation of *Portius*—how

'Long at the head of his few faithful friends
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes,
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Oppressed with multitudes, he greatly fell—'

as he caught the last word he gasped out convulsively, as if suddenly relieved from an agony of doubt, 'I am satisfied!' and the theatre rang with applause most heartily and deservedly bestowed. This was his great effect—indeed, his single effect; and great and refreshing as it was, it was not enough so to compensate for a whole evening of merely sensible, cold declamation. I watched him intently throughout—not a look or tone was lost by me; his attitudes were stately and picturesque, but evidently prepared; even the care he took in the disposition of his mantle was distinctly observable. If meant to present a picture of stoicism, the success might be considered unequivocal, but unbroken, except by the grand effect above described; though it might satisfy the classic antiquary, the want of variety and relief rendered it uninteresting.

"Kean's appearance in two new characters—*Sir Edward Mortimer* in Colman's play of 'The Iron Chest,' and *Oroonoko* in Southern's tragedy of that name—attracted me two nights at Drury Lane, and confirmed my opinion of his unquestionable genius. *Sir Edward Mortimer* was one of Kean's most finished portraits. He had grasped the complete conception of the character, the *Falkland* of Godwin's 'Caleb Williams,' and was consistently faithful to it through every varied shade of passion. There was an absence of all trick in the performances. Scarcely once through the whole part did he give way to that unpleasant mode of prelude a sentence (an occasional habit with him) by a hesitation, or a sound as of a half-laugh, like a cue for the applause of *claqueurs*. He had subjected his style to the restraint of the severest taste. His elocution was flowing,

discriminating, and most impressive. In his deportment there was the dignified ease of one accustomed to receive obedience; the mild and gentle manner of his address to his dependents spoke the benevolence of his nature, while his woe-worn aspect told of some settled grief that was preying on his heart. The very mournfulness of tone in which, before his entrance, he called for 'Winterton,' prepared the spectator for the picture of blight and sorrow that his appearance presented. When, in *Wilford's* utterance of the word 'murder,' the chord was struck that seemed to vibrate through every fibre of his frame, the internal struggle to regain his self-possession quite thrilled the audience. His trembling hand turned over rapidly the leaves of the book he held, as if to search its pages, that were evidently a blank to his bewildered sight, till the agony of his feelings overbore all efforts at repression, and with tiger fury he sprang upon the terrified youth. But to instance particular points in a personation disfigured by so few blemishes almost seems an injustice to a most artistic whole. Throughout the play the actor held absolute sway over his hearers: alike when nearly maddened by the remembrance of his wrong and the crime it had provoked, in his touching reflections on the present and future recompense of a well-regulated life, in pronouncing the appalling curse on *Wilford's* head; or, when looking into his face, and in the desolateness of his spirit, with a smile more moving than tears, he faintly uttered, 'None know my tortures!' His terrible avowal of the guilt that had embittered existence to him brought, as it were, the actual perpetration of the deed before us; the frenzy of his vengeance seemed rekindled in all its desperation, as he uttered the words, 'I stabbed him to the heart.' He paused as if in horror at the sight still present to him, and, following with his dilated eye the dreadful vision, he slowly continued, 'And my oppressor rolled lifeless at my foot!' The last scene was a worthy climax to a performance replete with beauties, that never in its wildest bursts 'overstepped the modesty of Nature.'

"The green-room news on our return to London was the acceptance by the Covent Garden managers of a tragedy by Maturin, the success of whose previous works 'Bertram,' 'Manuel,' etc., gave pungency to the curiosity such an announcement excited. In these there was evidence of great power, passion, and poetry; and only originality of invention was wanting to justify the award of genius to the author's clever combinations. But in his novels, as in his dramatic efforts, he seems to have been under the magnetic influence of what he approved or admired in others, which with an irresistible force drew him, I believe unconsciously, into imitation. With sundry properties of genius, he yet was deficient in its primary element, patience—the confidence to wait for the birth and maturity of his own conceptions. His play of 'Fredolfo,' perhaps the least to be commended of all his works, supported by the Covent Garden company, could not fail of full justice from a cast including Miss O'Neill, Young, Charles Kemble, etc. But opinion was unanimous in the green-room on its fate. Of the characters, three of them were villains—the three degrees of comparison, bad, worse, worst. Young was *Fredolfo*, the positive; Yates the comparative, *Berthold*; and to me was committed the superlative, *Wallenberg*—a very voluptuary in villainy, whom it was not possible the taste of any audience could tolerate. Mr. Alaric Watts was the friend to whom the supervision of the rehear-

sals and the care of the author's interests were intrusted, and he was as confident in the triumph of the tragedy as all the actors were of its damnation.

"Its production was so long retarded—though all concerned were perfect in their parts—by the severe illness of Young, that the managers were driven, after three weeks' delay, to the decisive step of altering the cast. I was desired to prepare myself in *Fredolfo*, a very long part; that of *Wallenberg* was sent to Terry; and the play was to be represented, *coute qui coute*, on that day (Saturday) week. I acted *Pierre* in 'Venice Preserved' on the night the change was made, and the next morning was early up and at work on *Fredolfo*. The play was rehearsed on Monday, and Mr. Harris went on the stage in some anxiety to inquire of McCulloch, the prompter, how the rehearsal had 'gone off.' His first question was:

"Did Macready know any thing of *Fredolfo*?"

"He was perfect in every line of it," was McCulloch's answer.

"And Terry, in *Wallenberg*?" added Harris.

"Did not know a word of it," rejoined McCulloch.

"Terry was a very clever actor, with a remarkably quick study, to which he always trusted, generally rehearsing with his book in his hand till the morning of the play's performance. My system, on the contrary, as I have before observed, was to pluck out all the advantage that could be derived from every opportunity of practice. Young rose from his sick-bed, and the original cast was maintained. The play passed (May 12, 1819) with little applause, and occasioned disapprobation to the last scene—the interior of a cathedral, on the altar of which *Wallenberg* had secured *Urilda* (Miss O'Neill), and threatened *Adelmor*, her lover (Charles Kemble), who with his band had burst in to her rescue, with her instant death unless he surrendered his sword. In the agony of his despair, *Adelmor* on his knees gave his weapon into the hands of *Wallenberg*, who plunged it directly into his bosom, upon which the pit got up with a perfect yell of indignation, such as, I fancy, was never before heard in a theatre. Not another syllable was audible. The curtain fell in a tumult of opposition, and 'Fredolfo' was never acted again."

FAVORABLE opportunities for meditation are humorously described by the Cornhill writer on "Thoughts about Thinking," from whom we have previously quoted, as follows:

"There is also another specially favorable opportunity for abstruse meditation, which I trust we may be pardoned for venturing to name. It is the grand occasion afforded by the laudable custom of patiently listening to dull speakers or readers in the lecture-room or the pulpit. A moment's reflection will surely enable the reader to corroborate the remark that we seldom think out the subject of a new book or article, or elaborate a political or philanthropic scheme, a family compact, or the *menu* of a large dinner, with so much precision and lucidity as when gazing with vacant respectfulness at a gentleman expatiating with elaborate stupidity on theology or science. The voice of the charmer as it rises and falls is almost as soothing as the sound of the waves on the shore, but not quite equally absorbing to the attention, and the repose of all around gently inclines the languid mind to alight like a butterfly on any little flower it may find in

the arid waste, and suck it to the bottom. This beneficent result of sermon and lecture hearing is, however, sometimes deplorably marred by the stuffiness of the room, the hardness and shallowness of the seats, and lastly by the unpardonable habit of many orators of lifting their voices in an animated way, as if they really had something to say, and then solemnly announcing a platitude—a process which acts on the nerves of a listener as it must act on those of a flounder to be carried up into the air half a dozen times in the bill of a heron and then dropped flat on the mud. Under trials like these, the tormented thoughts of the sufferer, seeking rest and finding none, are apt to assume quite unaccountable and morbid shapes, and indulge in freaks of an irrational kind, as in a dream. The present writer and a considerable number of sober-minded acquaintances have, for example, all felt themselves impelled at such hours, to perform aerial flights of fancy about the church or lecture-room in the character of stray robins or bats. 'Here,' they think gravely (quite unconscious for the moment of the absurdity of their reflection)—'here, on this edge of a monument, I might stand and take flight to that cornice an inch wide, whence I might run along to the top of that pillar; and thence, by merely touching the bald tip of the preacher's head, I might alight on the back of that plump little angel on the tomb opposite, while a final spring would take me through the open pane of window and perch me on the yew-tree outside.' The whole may perhaps be reckoned a spontaneous mythical self-representation of the Psalmist's cry: 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest.'

"Another kind of meditation under the same aggravated affliction is afforded by making fantastic pictures out of the stains of damp and tracks of snails on the wall, which often (in village churches especially) supply the young with a permanent subject of contemplation in 'the doctor with his boots,' the 'old lady and her cap,' and the huge face which would be quite perfect if the spectator might only draw an eye where one is missing, as in the fresco of Dante in the Bargello. Occasionally the sunshine kindly comes in and makes a little lively entertainment on his own account by throwing the shadow of the preacher's head ten feet long on the wall behind him, causing the action of his jaw to resemble the vast gape of a crocodile. All these, however, ought perhaps to be counted as things of the past; or, at least, as very 'Rural Recreations of a Country Parishioner,' as A. K. H. B. might describe them. It is not objects to distract and divert the attention which anybody can complain of wanting in the larger number of modern churches in London.

"But, if our thoughts are wont to wander off into fantastic dreams when we are bored, they have likewise a most unfortunate propensity to swerve into by-ways of triviality no less misplaced when, on the contrary, we are interested to excess, and our attention has been fixed beyond the point wherein the tension can be sustained.

"Every one has recognized the truth of Dickens's description of Fagin, on his trial, thinking of the pattern of the carpet; and few of us can recall hours of anguish and anxiety without carrying along with their tragic memories certain objects on which the eye fastened with inexplicable tenacity. In lesser cases, and when we have been listening to an intensely interesting political speech, or to a profoundly thoughtful sermon, the mind seems to 'shy' suddenly, like a restive horse, from

the whole topic under consideration, and we find ourselves, intellectually speaking, landed in a ditch.

"Another singular phenomenon under such circumstances is, that on returning, perhaps after the interval of years, to a spot wherein such excessive mental tension has been experienced, some of us are suddenly vividly impressed with the idea that we have been sitting there during all the intervening time, gazing fixedly on the same pillars and cornices, the same trees projected against the evening sky, or whatever other objects happen to be before our eyes. It would appear that the impression of such objects made on the retina, while the mind was wholly and vehemently absorbed in other things, must be somehow photographed on the brain in a different way from the ordinary pictures to which we have given their fair share of notice as they passed before us, and that we are dimly aware they have been taken so long. The sight of them once again bringing out this abnormal consciousness is intensely painful, as if the real self had been chained for years to the spot, and only a phantom 'I' had ever gone away and lived a natural human existence elsewhere."

We quote from the *Fraser* article on "German Home-Life" a striking comparison between the relative physical training of German men and women:

"It will be objected that Germany could never have produced such fighting-men, such deep-chested, loud-voiced, well-belted, straight-limbed, clanking, swaggering, awe-inspiring warriors as she has lately shown the world, on a fare of veal, vinegar, and chickens. Surely, these martial heroes, with the front of demi-gods and the endurance of Titans, show a valor, a high courage, and a well-fed confidence, whose muscularity speaks volumes in favor of the flesh-pots of the Fatherland. 'Wine to make glad the heart of man, and oil to make him a cheerful countenance,' sings the warrior-king, David, who himself belonged to fighting-times and to a fighting-race, and was able to appreciate the fact that an ill-fed body makes a lily-liver and a craven heart. We must have the healthy body if we are to have the healthy mind; we cannot expect doughty deeds without muscular development.

"'Have you,' said a learned Theban once to me, 'observed (I am speaking as a physiologist) how inferior, in our country, is the woman-animal to the man-animal?' When a great physician, whose name is writ on the scroll of twenty learned societies in your own country, stoops to ask you such a leading question as this, you are bound not to take exception at the form in which he frames it, and to give him the answer which he expects. 'Well,' he went on to say, 'the cause and the effect lie very near together. Observe, how do we feed our man-child, and how do we feed our woman-child? You will say, pretty much alike. They start fair. The peasant mother

nourishes both. The active life of our women of the lower order circulates the blood, helps them to assimilate the vast quantities of food they take, and this of course, is nutritious. The baby cuts its teeth; it is promoted to another form of food, and from this moment the paths of the man-child and the woman-child are divergent. The boy goes to school, skates, turns (many an Englishman might be astonished at the feats of young German athletes in their *Turnhallen*), makes walking-tours in his holidays, drills, marches, goes through his spring and autumn manoeuvres, develops the muscles of a Hercules and the appetite of a Briareus. His active out-door life, the oxygen he breathes, the fatigue he undergoes, the discipline to which he submits, all contribute to develop a strong, straight body, to enrich his blood, and to help him to assimilate his food. The brain is nourished, the muscles are nourished, the organs become strong and healthy. Look at our young officers, and say if their appetites be not heroic. Observe that they eat with large, comprehensive hungriness; they restore themselves, as they come from parade, with a good basin of beef-bouillon, with a deep draught of Bavarian beer, with an orgy of oysters. Don't you remember Heine's "Lieutenants and Fähnriche, die sind die klugen Leute," who come and lap up the Rhine-wine and the oysters, that were rained down in a beneficent hour on the Berlin *Steinplatz*? My most gracious, those are the typical men, the coming men, the useful men. Their great frames and loud voices are the outcome of healthily active lives. What has your woman-child been doing all this time? She has been sitting behind the stove (*hinter dem Ofen*), sucking sugar-plums, and swallowing sweet hot coffee; nibbling greasy cakes in a stifling stove-exhausted atmosphere. She does not, as do your English ladies, ride, walk, swim, take what you call the "constitutional," garden, boat, haymake, croquet, enjoy all those diversions we read of in your English books. The grease that nourishes her brother disagrees with her; she has no digestion; her teeth decay; she spoils their enamel with vinegar and lemonade; she pecks at an ounce of exhausted soup-meat; she takes here a snick and there a snack; she becomes *Meichsüchtig*, she is ordered to take the air; she totters out on high-heeled shoes to her coffee *Kränachen*; she sits in a summer-house and tortures cotton round a hook; she goes to the theatre; she passes from one heated, exhausted atmosphere to another gas-and-oil heated one. How can she be hungry? How can her food nourish her? Is it a wonder that she has no chest, no muscles, no race, no type, no *physique*? 'cried my excited friend. 'Would the young man have been any better with such a life? And this is only the beginning of the story; between the Alpha of food and the Omega of planting new generations in the world there is a series of disastrous mistakes,' said Dr. Zukunfftig, presenting me with a pamphlet 'On the Comparative Assimilative Powers of the Races of Modern Europe.'

Notices.

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